THE
COMMONWEAL

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BREAD AND BUTTER

ONE is frequently led to believe that the "public mind" ought to be compared with an old lady crocheting a table cover while riding on a train chugging through the Pennsylvania mountains. She keeps an eye on the scenery, after the fashion of one who admires the beauties of nature, but her mind is really on her needle and its hundrum endeavor. How very typical of United States citizenry she is—of all of us, who allow the press to beguile us, these days, with accounts of what is about to happen in Kansas City and Houston! The selection of a President has something of the grandeur and permanence of a natural phenomenon. A chief executive is very like a mountain, towering aloft in a way that symbolizes civic power. But our minds are occupied far more definitely and anxiously with comparatively prosaic happenings, of which the metamorphosis recently effected in Detroit is an impressive example.

This metamorphosis is the transfer of the Dodge motor-car industry into the hands of Mr. Walter Chrysler. Taken by itself, this seems merely an incident in the history of modern business. The company, long since widely and favorably known, made a great deal of money out of a serviceable product. Then the whole enterprise, worth a long list of millions, was sold to a prominent banker and through him to the general public, in the form of stocks and bonds. Almost immediately thereafter it was discovered that the same "average citizen" who had considered Dodge securities a good investment was changing his mind about the Dodge product. Accordingly the firm started to manufacture a new type of car; but the results, in the face of a competition grown keen beyond all belief, was so unsatisfactory that the intervention of Mr. Chrysler is universally considered fortunate.

Throughout all this history, which involves the savings of many Americans and the jobs of many other Americans, no evidence of fraud or mismanagement appears. There is excellent reason for believing that everybody involved was as efficient, optimistic and honest as could be expected. And yet the little word "demand" appeared as the agent in control of the whole business, wreaking its will as it saw fit. Upon whether or not people are ready to buy, the welfare of contemporary industry is utterly dependent. This in turn is contingent upon a myriad factors, of which the "product" is only one. An article may be ever so sound and serviceable. If the mood of the majority does not happen to approve of it, the time and energy spent in manufacturing have been wasted. A thousand species of merchandise once retailed over every counter have meant the ruin of capitalist and thrifty house-

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holder. What has happened to the New England denim industry? Who will buy "golden oak" furniture, or even old-time streaky "Christmas beef"? Most of these alterations in taste are controlled by influences themselves uncontrollable—advertising, floating capital, business psychology. There is not a single modern business edifice with a foundation that defies comparison with the proverbial sand.

The importance of this situation lies, of course, in the fact that it determines to a considerable extent the "economic instability" which characterizes the average man's relation to the world in which he lives. Property may be defined as the margin which separates a man from absolute dependence upon a wage. The urge to make this as wide as possible is the mainspring of the present industrial system. And from what they have seen and heard, most men are of the opinion that the route combining maximum ease and security is a profitable investment. The example of the "successful man" is, to most of us, irrefutably impressive. We do not seek to become millionaires when we withdraw funds from the savings bank in order to "take a flyer." We are interested, rather, in obtaining for ourselves those benefits of private property which are popularly defined as "something to fall back upon" and "provision for a rainy day."

But enterprises over which the authority of "demand" hovers, which are at the mercy of a thousand intangible sources, are simply not reliable depositories. Time and time again they have failed, bringing to an end a little of hope and safety in thousands of lives. Only the man at the top, who has mastered what we may term the metaphysics of finance and knows how to take from Peter if Paul has been stripped bare, survives all such mutations. Nor is the "margin of security" the only thing at stake. The wage, too, is at the mercy of business success. The pay cheque of the worker is far less dependent upon the will of stingy and grasping individuals than upon the way in which Mrs. Flanigan makes up her mind when she goes shopping. When a great industry fails—as witness the fortunes of coal—the crash wrecks humble and laborious opportunity for thousands of people who once viewed the daily journey to work as a matter regulated only by their own willingness and fitness. How much of human misery is the result of those changes which business considers "unavoidable" is a matter regarding which statistics, ironically enough, do not exist.

Beyond any question the major American corporate concern is right here. By comparison, the things with which a President deals are of secondary importance. The choosing of the next White House inhabitant will be decided, we are told, by certain considerations primary among which are prohibition enforcement and farm relief. Both have, it is true, a bearing upon public and private economics, but neither gives anyone a fraction of the anxiety caused by thoughts of the "job" and the "nest egg." Since these are, therefore, the largest earthly interests of the body politic, it is necessary to bear in mind that they as much as anything else are ruled by the maxim, "There is no such thing as chance." The fact that an industrial factor is uncontrollable is due only to the circumstance that nobody has set out to control it. More specifically, it is the result of a desire for "free play" in business. Ultimately the difference between mediaeval conomics at its best and modern economics at its worst is not a matter of gild titles and colorful uniforms. It is, rather, simply this: the mediaeval producers organized in order to dominate forces which nobody now wants to see dominated—output, quality, wage stability.

Ultimately the American citizen will insist upon thinking about these matters in public as he now necessarily has to think about them in private. His study of history even may become less an affair of gossip about political and military celebrities than of glances beyond the scenes. Such representative instances as the collapse of the New York, New Haven and Hartford; as the decline of various kinds of textile manufacturies; as the evolution of the automotive industry—these, differing one from the other, may teach the common man of the future much that he needs to know regarding his own economic hygiene. All this having been done, he might decide upon coming out vigorously for some measure of corporate control, such as his government is at present powerless to exercise. So far, our American adventures in the art of regulating the current of financial power have been amateurish and even, in a measure, harmful. That is, however, no argument against regulation. The recent rise in the call-money rate, for instance, has inaugurated an interesting debate as to whether the federal banks should attempt to control speculation in stocks, or whether they ought to supervise the floating of bond issues, out of which investment houses sift their profit and into which high-priced cash will not flow. This and many similar queries are of fundamental importance to a great many citizens.

Ready though many people are to gamble, the community must not force its members into gambling. Our government exists, as a matter of fact, primarily for the purpose of endowing property with stability. Work and the savings that accrue from it are now the elements which constitute the popular idea of property, and to neglect safeguarding them is to fail in a major enterprise. Bread and butter, we are coming to realize more clearly each day, are something more than drab facts. Upon them depend to a considerable extent such immemoriably sacred matters as the family and the liberation of the soul. Cicero declared that he could turn to the pursuit of wisdom only after he had settled the practical affairs of his life. Who among us shall ask of the poor, the hard-working and the imperiled that they do more? And what can be said to those who, after years of struggling and hoarding, can show to their children nothing except the badge of their own unmerited servitude?

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WEEK BY WEEK

FOR the second time since the inauguration of the Mexican persecution, metropolitan newspapers have announced that negotiations are under way to end the tragedy. Some months ago it was the New York Herald Tribune which professed to know that a "United States churchman" had hastened to the scene with authority to discuss matters with President Calles. Now it is the New York World which, lumping together various "informal" remarks by Archbishop Ruiz, Ambassador Morrow, Dr. Casauranc and others, announces that a plan of settlement has been laid before the Holy Father. Meanwhile the major news agencies have reinforced this statement with despatches from Rome, so that little doubt exists regarding the fact that a "peace parley" has been in progress between representatives of Church and state. In view of the truth that overtures preliminary to peace are always notoriously delicate matters, it may be questioned whether there is any virtue in hasty, tentative discussion. The World itself says that the "confusing" reports might "be harmful to the cause of peace unless an earnest attempt is made to understand the present situation in the light of the best known facts." Again, there being every reason for believing that Mr. Morrow has labored diligently to promote a settlement, whatever efforts the United States now makes to pacify Mexico are colored, at this time, by violent political overtones.

DEEPLY as we desire tranquillity for the Church in Mexico, no good could come from ignoring obvious facts. The situation is, as we have noted time and time again, an amalgam of so many distressing and catastrophic conditions that it is virtually impossible to isolate one or the other detail. Such appalling actualities as financial and moral collapse cannot be ignored, and will inevitably determine the attitude of many Mexicans toward their government. But if one regards the ecclesiastical situation independently, it is possible to hold, with the World, that two difficulties are of primary importance. First, the constitution of 1857 inaugurated a system of state control over the Church which the constitution of 1917 merely restated, somewhat more strongly. Second, the decrees of President Calles were mandates to enforce the constitutional provisions, special emphasis being laid on the registration of the clergy. The refusal to comply involved the closing of the churches and the establishment of what is virtually an interdict. It would seem that peace is now hoped for on the basis of a willingness supposed to have been expressed by President Calles to abrogate the unjust features which were inherent in the demand for clerical registration.

WE SHALL concede that this peg, upon which the settlement of one of the bitterest defenses of the rights of conscience will presumably be hung out to dry, looks fragile and insecure indeed. How can it be possible for a nation to forget the trials—ranging from brutal torture of individuals to ruthless massacre of small groups—imposed upon it by a government? Fancy the citizens of the United States endorsing a hypothetical administration which, guided by deductions from Who's Who and Moody's analyses, should wage a war to stamp out Unitarians! Those who expect Mexican Catholics, an overwhelming if politically impotent majority in their land, to accept an olive twig from Calles, are surely asking of them a measure of meekness and long-suffering unparalleled in history. Let us hope, for the sake of souls, that the cup of forbearance will be drained empty. Meanwhile let us not forget that it is precisely from ourselves, citizens of the United States, that the supreme endorsement of the existing Mexican régime has come. Without our supplying the military vertebrae which keeps the whole organism erect, it would long since have collapsed into civic jelly. And so our official effort to promote the settlement of the Mexican conflict is not a species of chivalric magnanimity, but in all truth a plain, elementary duty which no self-respecting nation would find it possible to shirk.

BEGUN in an atmosphere tense with emotion, the Colmar trial was fated to end in high drama with the four "guilty" autonomists swept to the heights of martyrdom. "I beg you not to judge France by this verdict." This charitable plea, addressed directly to the prisoners by the weeping defense attorney, was also made to the world which will refuse it more promptly than Ricklin, Schall, Faschauer and Rosse. For there is no question that France has blundered. She has

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repudiated Joffre's assertion that France would "bring to Alsace, with the liberties she has always represented, the respect of its own liberties, traditions, convictions, customs." Poincaré in 1915, while President of the republic, emphatically confirmed this statement and only recently reiterated his approval of it. The last election, which gave the autonomists and Communists in Alsace 51,000 votes, was not to be interpreted in any light but that of protest against the treatment of the very leaders then under arrest. Anti-clerical laws and governments of France completely alienated the Catholic element which, governed according to the Napoleonic concordat, was first astonished and then indignant at the attempted application of laws France put in force following the separation, in 1903, of state and Church. Concerted action in both Alsace and Lorraine prevented the introduction of French laical regulations and non-sectarian schools, but the victory has been quite indecisive. Colmar glaringly illustrates the true mind of the French government.

THE conference on foreign missions held last month in Paris by the group of priests and laymen who have taken the inspiring title of Papal Volunteers (Volontaires du Pape) appears to have been a very interesting and significant gathering. Despite the fact that such questions as a new apostolate to large masses who have lapsed from the Faith, and the recruiting of the clergy for home missions, are present in a particularly acute fashion in France since the great war, the conference is a striking proof that enthusiasm for work in far fields remains as ardent as ever in the country of Jogues and Lallemant. The speech of Monsignor Olichon, who is director of the Pontifical Work of Saint Peter the Apostle, is particularly worth study. It puts in concrete form the answer to objections against what might be termed the "forlorn hope" in missionary work, too often heard of from those who should know better, and does so by quoting the words of the reigning Pontiff, with whom, as is well known, the planting of new indigenous churches all over the world is a very evident preoccupation. Nothing could be plainer than the words of the encyclical Rerum Ecclesiae upon the subject of native priests and bishops: "If you do not lend all your efforts to this . . . not only will your apostolate be incomplete, but the establishment and organization of the Church in these far regions will be long delayed."

TO THE plea that millions of souls exist at home in quite as much need of evangelization as Africans or Asiatics the eminently reasonable answer is made that the main function of the universal Church, which no crisis at home can preëmpt, is to put the "means of grace and salvation" within the reach of those who do not have them and have never had them. That this is best done by founding as many native churches as possible, and supplying them at the earliest possible moment with a native priesthood and episcopate, is quite evidently the opinion of Pius XI, and only a moment's consideration of the present situation in both the near and the far East shows how urgent the need for such a development has grown within the last decade. It is not belittling the material protection which the great nations of Europe have extended to their missionary priests in time of peril and persecution to realize that such protection can be paid for at too high a rate by the suspicion (unfounded though it be) that the rôle of the missionary has been to open the way for colonial expansion. What we seem to be upon the eve of in the missionary field is, not so much an abandonment of the older system (as Monsignor Olichon justifiably claims, it has never been the fault of the missionary himself if mission fields became colonies or dependencies) as a reassertion of the universality of the Church's mission and her determination, in so far as she can secure it, that peoples who have been regenerated by Christianity shall enter the community of civilized nations with their independence unimpaired. Monsignor Olichon's address has been published as a pamphlet, Pie XI et les Missions. It is a document that all who are interested in the vitally important matter of foreign missions should study.

COLONEL P. H. CALLAHAN has been, for a considerable time, the most active among Catholics outspokenly in favor of national prohibition. Like many other men familiar with social conditions in the South and Middle-West, he feels a vigorous and conscientious disapproval of the spell which the saloon cast upon generations of pioneers. Anything that could put an end to this situation was guaranteed a welcome, and prohibition did promise. But has the promise been fulfilled? In a recent letter to Mr. John J. Raskob, who had agreed to serve as one of the vice-presidents of the Association against Prohibition, the Colonel asked for an explanation and said: "Being an executive and an employer, and having been an advocate of prohibition for many years, I must nevertheless admit that the opposition of so many reputable leaders has given me no little concern." Mr. Raskob's reply, notice of which has been taken by the press, constitutes a most interesting argument. Perhaps it can be summarized as follows: Intolerance may be defined as the attempt to impose by law the will of a minority or, perhaps, of a majority "in matters where no moral wrong is involved and where liberty is curtailed"; such intolerance perennially fosters rebellion, and rebellion destroys as much of good as it corrects of evil; prohibition is a form of intolerance, and so has created a rebellious attitude toward law which minimizes respect for institutions, teaches the young to hold civic and moral obligations lightly, and negates the "spirit underlying the framing of the constitution."

THOUGH Mr. Raskob's letter discusses a number of other matters, this reasoning is its backbone. Will it convince many people? That—as the young lady

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said when she received one proposal while waiting for another—depends. As good a case for prohibition as anyone has made is Dr. John A. Lapp's argument that the refusal of a people to use its social power (or the law) in order to live up to the dictates of its social conscience is anarchy. And if prohibition is really demanded by the social conscience, the conclusion seems inevitable. Ten years of experience have proved, however, one or the other of two facts: either social power has been unable to succeed against liquor, or the conscience of America did not indict liquor. Because one or the other of these things is as it is, there exists a vast accumulation of crime, law breaking, secret business and contempt for law against which the consciences of men like Mr. Raskob most resolutely object. If these consciences are now numerous and influential enough, they must—in conformity with Dr. Lapp's own maxim—proceed to use social power in order to get rid of the evils produced by the Eighteenth Amendment. In short, prohibition today is not a campaign to get rid of the drink evil, but the occasion of a campaign to get rid of a legal and moral evil. Mr. Raskob has done us all a very genuine public service in making this point clear.

DEMOCRATIC aspects of the contemporary phenomenon of commencement are so familiar that one is hardly startled by such facts as that each of several American universities confers more than four thousand degrees at a single sitting. But fancy how these figures would have impressed the "educated persons" of a hundred years ago! Then college training was an experience open to very few, and a highly specialized process which marked a man through life. It may be true that much of what passes for eagerness to learn is mere counterfeit, but it is no less certain that the present bustling about in academia is the outcome of ancestral longing, suppressed since the renaissance, for light and guidance. Among the good things that should result, none is more important than the destruction, through intelligent community living, of prejudices and bigotries fostered by provincial ignorance. No one has borne this possibility more firmly in mind than President Nicholas Murray Butler, whose advocacy of tolerance is a fine service that needs to be emphasized over and over again. To it the circumstance that several prominent Catholics were honored by Columbia University with titular degrees this year must, in a measure, be attributed. On the other hand, the Reverend Albert C. Fox, S. J., upon whom one of these degrees was conferred in recognition of his service to American education, has shown how successfully and wisely a Catholic university can assume the burden of ministering to the community in a spirit of charity and magnanimity.

EDUCATION, we may add, continues to have its problems and storm centres. Among these none, perhaps, has received so much popular attention as the fraternity. In the opinion of not a few critics, the Greek letter is a symbol of anti-democratic dogma, of forces making for the disruption of the academic community, and of much else beside. The friends of the movement are obviously right, however, in declaring that the fraternity appeals so strongly to young men because it satisfies a craving normal to human nature and good in itself. It gives what may be termed intimacy, as contrasted with the wider domain of acquaintance. Without discussing the matter further, we may remark that one fraternity—Phi Kappa—has long since been organized for the benefit of Catholic students in secular universities. It has been forced to contend with considerable opposition, but is nevertheless steadily forging ahead. One is glad to observe that real efforts are now being made to keep alive the spirit of the organization among alumni. Here there exists a potential force which, it is very possible, may some day prove nationally significant.

THE Fascist Academy of Ten which, according to a New York Herald Tribune despatch from Rome, has just been formed in the eternal city, and which is the first group of its kind to emulate similar bodies north of the Alps, should produce some lively judgments on literature. If it does not it will hardly be the fault of its first president, Signor F. T. Marinetti. Some six or seven years ago, soon after an abortive attempt to suppress his drama Mafarka in the alleged interests of decency, a manifesto published by Marinetti in the pages of the Paris Figaro let the public in on part of the formula which was to build the variety theatre of the future. Its aim was to be "to divert the public by comical effects and erotic imagination." Ballet dancers were to elucidate the colonial question. Drama on both sides of the curtain was to be assured by issuing the same seat checks to ten parties, scattering "sneezing powders" in the aisles, giving free tickets to lunatics, and pouring glue on selected fauteuils, probably those assigned to unsympathetic critics. From the trouser pockets of American tramp comedians would issue "the great futuristic hilarity which will rejuvenate the face of the world." Possibly ten years, in passing over the Fascist dramatist's head, have sobered his judgment, and the eventual drama of the future, in which all lines will be spoken impromptu, may seem a more distant prospect. However, as he concluded the inaugural dinner given the new Academy by decreeing that "a super-Dante of tomorrow shall be born," it doesn't look like it. We shall watch the activities of the new group with interest, if only to see whether it is capable of producing futilities surpassing the domestic article in mirthless grotesque.

ONCE again—it is the thirty-seventh time—the Catholic Summer School of America summons to Cliff Haven those who yearn for wisdom and a calm retreat from urban clamor. Though much besides lecturing

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is inscribed on the carte du jour, the platform is nevertheless considerably in evidence. During the present season the School will be conducted under the auspices of Fordham University, so that academic sanction for everything undertaken will be guaranteed. There will be courses in Bible study; in sociology; in the conclusions of science relative to crime; in the lore regarding saints; in aspects of modern culture and political life. Old platform favorites will be heard again, and new voices will be lifted in praise and criticism. Under the circumstances, one feels like repeating the old invitation, "Come one, come all!" But the friends of the Summer School know how excellent an institution it is, and each year bring themselves and a few more of their friends to the premises. Add to that the administrative ability of Father Francis Duffy, and you have an institution that stands in very little need of advertising from the outside.

LOOKING a gift horse in the mouth is proverbially an ungrateful response. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of truth and sound sense in what Dr. Theodore Ludlow, secretary of Adult Religious Education of the National Council of the Episcopal Church, had to say recently before the New York diocesan synod on the subject of educational benefactions by outstandingly rich men. The process is grown so familiar, it has entered so into our national habit of life and is made the cause for so much self-congratulation as it occurs, that it always creates a ripple of surprise when its defects are noticed. But these are inherent ones. A millionaire dies or sets himself to distribute his wealth late in life. Seldom indeed does he devote his acquired gains to the betterment of any category of citizens who have helped him accumulate. Far oftener a large proportion is handed over, with unconscious irony, to the furtherance of aesthetic impulses to which he turned a blind eye all his life, and the neglect of which on his part is probably one aspect of the concentration that helped him amass riches.

IN SO far as the benefaction is a reparation to benefits which he has denied himself, the gesture has a certain largeness of spirit. But the taint of its source cannot but rest on the result of his belated recognition that the best things in life are not those money can buy. The youth who takes advantage of it may well ask himself whether the values he will be wisest in making capital ones lie, not in carved stone and colored glass, the manuscripts and pictures and art treasures upon which he is privileged to gaze, but in the steady refusal to let such interests distract from a single-minded pursuit which has rendered them possible. Whether we lack humility as a nation may be an arguable point. But culturally there is no doubt that more and more we lack the humble beginnings and the corporate effort of men enthusiastically interested in identical aims which make museums, galleries, universities and even churches something better than monuments of posthumous vainglory.

FALSE WITNESSES

FOREIGN contacts broaden the mind. But, at the same time, they deepen and intensify the convictions that are held independently of reason. In matters of religion, the need to defend and justify one's faith often reveals motives for allegiance which otherwise might have remained subconscious and unexplored. The same thing is largely true in respect of national loyalties. Criticisms which would be easy to endure with patience and good temper amid evidences of their groundlessness are apt to take on a peculiarly offensive tone when they are uttered in a foreign air and without the means at hand to disprove them. The patriotism of the expatriated is proverbially strong and proverbially susceptible to affront. An oft-quoted saying tells us that the traveler abroad changes his skies but not his soul. Those, however, who have much acquaintance with strangers in strange lands (and in their own) will be inclined to believe that an alien sky is not without some effect on the temper.

No human being travels more widely than the contemporary American and no one is likely to hear more criticism, implied or openly stated, of his country while on his way. There are several reasons why this is so, but we intend to notice only a couple of them here. One is a pretty dense ignorance that prevails on the subject among less traveled Europeans. America is widely advertised but imperfectly understood. Its outward aspects are familiar, if only through their imitations. They are very striking and impressive, they offer little of the variety which provokes curiosity, and, as is natural in a society essentially democratic, elastic in its constitution and more or less "on the move," the tendency of all this scale and diffusion is to obliterate finer distinctions and to give the traveler from overseas an impression of aridity and of whatever is the antithesis to complexity. The challenge is to wonder, to admiration, if you will, rather than to the closer study engendered by things which steal more gradually upon the consciousness, and which might do so much salutary work in correcting the European's hasty and incomplete impressions.

Another reason for miscomprehension, it is quite safe to say, is the nature of the American press. When it is realized that a hundred or a thousand Europeans acquire their knowledge of America from this to one who will ever get it at first hand, it will be understood what an important factor our press can be in broadcasting erroneous conceptions of the great republic of the West. Its moral or aesthetic aspects are not so much in question now, neither is the improvement some profess to notice since the war as regards space given to foreign news, while, of the notable exceptions of which justice compels mention, the most sadly conclusive thing to note is that they are, even here, regarded as diversions from type. What is most necessary to remember in considering the aggregate effect they convey abroad is that the reading matter of the

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typical big newspaper is arranged without any regard for perspectives which the European has come to regard as an outward sign of inward sobriety. It is at once amorphous and heterogeneous, homespun and sophisticated. Local politics, local gossip, personalities, exposures of graft or violence, stories of moral delinquency often written up with an insipid prurience that has become an evil tradition among our press men and women, preëmpt the front pages, with scant respect for anything at all likely to appeal to the thoughtful mind.

In a recent article, Roller Coaster Journalism, written for the Saturday Review of Literature, Mr. Silas Bent, whose experience gives him the right to speak on such a subject, goes so far as to claim that not alone do the tabloid "newspapers" degrade the taste of their readers and set up wholly fictitious standards, but that "these highly emotional and irresponsible dwarfs have had their influence on their big brothers." The foreign press, which generally lacks any dependable guide among its editorial staff in matters occidental, is hardly to be blamed if it regards this mass of strident pettiness, repeated from shore to shore under a myriad headings but in one key and tempo, as a fair reflection of American preoccupations and a fair water-mark of American culture. Too often the "scoop" born amid the maggots of the circulation department, whose function has been to tickle a moment's more or less seemly curiosity, finds itself, days and weeks after it has been forgotten and underplowed, repeated, away from its home of origin, as a national document.

AMERICA IN TWO PARTS

TRAVELED Americans who find themselves called upon to correct any estimate of their own country they consider undeserved and damaging, have a right to their own arguments. But other Americans have a right to see that their plea in rebuttal does not convey other impressions just as unsound. In a letter written to the British Manchester Guardian, which appears in its monthly edition of Friday, May 12, a correspondent from Massachusetts, who makes no secret of his undiluted Pilgrim blood, takes up the cudgels for American integrity. Unfortunately he wields them in a fashion that seems calculated to make him quite as many enemies at home as friends abroad. After drawing some conclusions from the present fashion of the American press that do not differ greatly from those we have drawn in a preceding editorial, Mr. William Bradford Browne goes on to inform critics abroad that there are—not, as would reasonably expect to see stated, many—but two Americas, and two only.

One comprises those who, with Mr. Browne, are qualified to speak of "my ancestor, Governor Bradford. . . . From its first settlement in 1620 down to 1820, our land was the home of the most homogeneous race on earth, even more purely Anglo-Saxon than the mother country. . . . The descendants of this same body still compose that section of the American public which is the guiding force in this land." As for the other America, which the uninstructed foreigner has believed fully taken into the corporate fabric of this country in virtue of a hundred years of toil and enterprise, civic pride and obedience, loyalty sealed by blood, in three words, by fair lot and scot in the national destinies, Mr. Browne is less emphatic. "Many of these later Americans," he cautiously admits, "become good Americans, but it is impossible that they should have the same vision as myself and others whose family trees commence with the Mayflower and whose ancestors built in blood and labor the foundations upon which rest the rights and privileges these later comers come to enjoy. Small wonder that the old stock jealously watches out for its own preservation and for the safety of what the fathers wrought in pain and suffering." And, when these others become articulate, he advises caution, in these unequivocal words: "In reading articles about America, make sure who wrote them. The melting-pot hasn't proved a great success to date."

This remarkable letter, written, let it be remembered, for the benefit of those who have everything to learn concerning this country's inherent life, might be regarded as an effusion of racial consciousness and family vanity were it not only too evidently in line with tendencies that have become, not less but more marked, with the passing of a single generation. Symptoms of a desire to create a racial and religious caste apart, and to claim for it a preponderance that even history does not justify, keep making their appearance from time to time. The recent black list put out by the Daughters of the American Revolution was one. Another is the claim that, by virtue of its most advertised beginnings, this is a Protestant country, and must be kept so. Still another is the theory, so often brought forward on occasions of international emergency, that the interests of this country and of Britain, through some racial alchemy that is independent of the merits of the case, will always be found identical.

The great and natural reverence (which, of course, is largely deserved) that exists in this country for the dawn of its history on the Massachusetts seaboard inevitably causes these pronouncements to be listened to with a respect which is no measure of their general acceptance. Pride of family, pride of race, is an excellent thing. In protesting against those writers, all too many, who rather than contribute to the contexture (by no means "Anglo-Saxon") this country's thought has assumed, make all their work a protest against it, and whose aim is an America as synthetic and rootless as their art, tradition is very much in place and is doing useful work. But when it deals so roughly by history as to divide the whole of America into two parts as summarily as Caesar divided Gaul into three, we think it merits the mild rebuke we have felt ourselves entitled to administer.

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THE SEARCHLIGHT IN POLITICS

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

IN THE evolution of the American political campaign—an evolution which has been marked by many changes since 1792—we have reached, this year, a stage whose significance generally escapes us, but which will be recognized by history. A good many things will be dated from 1928, because of it. In this year the first step, and a long step, has been taken toward campaigns conducted entirely in the light, with every detail made known as soon as it occurs, just as completely as the rounds of a prizefight or the maneuvers of a naval review are made apparent to the spectators and the press. The time is coming, is at hand, when every move in politics will be visible to everybody. The results of the change will be many.

Like most important historical innovations, this one was never expected or intended and was the result of an attempt to do something else. The Senatorial committee to investigate campaign funds was not appointed for any such purpose. It was created to discover corruption. It has not found any corruption, but it has revealed an astonishing number of underground chicaneries, and it has dragged into the light the devious ways by which candidacies for a century and a quarter have been assassinated or promoted. This year is only the beginning. The committee will be continued in 1932 and thereafter, and will come to be a recognized and important political institution; and its first efforts, uncertain and sometimes astray, will be made more efficient as the years go on.

A readjustment of popular notions concerning these mysteries is already being made. The conception was of ruthless and sinister power working with diabolical efficiency. The underground tacticians turn out to be less than superhuman in craft. The general idea that there is a malign and clever force seeking to thwart the hosts of sweetness and light has undergone some revision; there is no battle-line with the saints on one side and the sinners on the other. The idea of a money power crushing the popular will with a huge corruption fund gets further in the distance the further the committee chases it. There is money, plenty of it, but the contributors of it seem to be just as human as other people, just as perverse and unintelligent in their objectives, and just as diverse and antagonistic in their aims. Finally, the most surprising revelation of all has been the discovery that friendship and other human emotions actually influence the actions of politicians, just as if they also were members of the race.

If the committee did not confirm the mythology concerning politicians, it did add a great deal to the general fund of knowledge, and in future years will add more, until the whole hitherto insoluble enigma will be as plain as a baseball game. The result will have to be a correcting of the lines on which campaigns are fought. When the public is sure to understand exactly what you are doing, you will act somewhat differently from the way you acted when you were securely conscious that no one could see you. The same mistakes will not be twice committed, the same unpopular tactics will not be exposed to another criticism.

For example, the first beginnings of what the Steiwer committee is doing in 1928 were made by a similar but less thorough-going committee in 1920, with this very result. That committee discovered that an enormous fund had been raised for one candidate, that another had expended nearly half a million of his own dollars to get the nomination, that money had been sent to two local bosses in Missouri for the purpose of sweetening that state. This revelation, though it did not imply any corruption whatever, prevented the convention from nominating either General Wood or Governor Lowden. The result? Why, that in 1928 the largest campaign funds are held down, that no candidate is spending any of his own money, that none which is spent for him has been shown to come from corporations, and that the most searching inquiries by the committee have shown no bribery. The lesson of 1920 was unwelcome, but it was learned. So will the lessons of 1928 be. It is to be expected that in 1932 Senators will cash no checks from the Ku Klux Klan, for instance, not that they have grown more dainty about the source of checks, but that they do not want the Steiwer committee to de-Heflinize them in public.

When the committee began its historical researches, it was regarded jocosely in most quarters. Its object, so far as the well-informed are concerned, warranted jocosity. It was riding forth, Quixote-like, to tilt against, not a windmill but, a straw man—that huge corruption fund, the Mrs. Harris of politics. When it took its recess till after the conventions, the jocosity was gone. Perhaps it was not and is not yet realized that the committee has ensured its existence as a permanent and useful addition to our political institutions, but the things it uncovered are discussed not merrily but seriously. They are not shocking, but they are not what was expected; they give a different view of political acts and motives, and compel somewhat of a re-orientation.

The importance of this contribution to political science may be surmised if one reflects on the fact that the course of American history would have been changed if the Steiwer committee had existed sooner. Warren G. Harding, for example, would not have become President (and consequently Calvin Coolidge would not) there would have been no Teapot Dome oil scandal, and there would not have been so much point in the rise of Al Smith. Suppose the pre-convention campaign of 1920 had come under the microscope

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of a Steiwer committee. It would have become known that the Senatorial cabal had planned, at a meeting in February, to thwart Wood's nomination by manipulating an uninstructed bloc of delegates; that it favored Harding, though willing to take Lowden. It would not have been possible to play the game so as to prevent a nomination until the psychological moment "at 2 A. M.," as Mr. Daugherty prophetically put it, "in a smoke-filled room."

If anyone doubts this, let him reflect that when Mr. Hoover was before the committee he was questioned about the combinations he and his friends were making against Senator Goff's candidacy in West Virginia. Nothing was made clearer than the fact that it is impossible for any sort of deal to be undertaken without the rumor of it getting to the committee. If this does not put a quietus on deals, it will certainly make it necessary for politicians to adjust themselves to the fact that the deals will become public and must therefore be straight deals and not dirty ones.

In investigating these rumors the committee has found most of them to be baseless. So there has been some unintelligent criticism of it, as wasting its time chasing after mare's nests. These erroneous rumors must be investigated with the rest, no matter how silly they appear even on their face. A lying story may do as much harm as a true one; but now, for the first time, a lie is not eternal. It dies as soon as the Steiwer committee gets its hands on its throat. An instance was the Reverend Olaf R. Miller's story about the Smith corruption fund. There was no sense in it, but who can tell how many people had been deceived by its whispered repetition? The committee got on the trail of the yarn, traced it to Miller, put him on the grill, and learned from him that his informant was ex-Governor William Sulzer. It went after Sulzer, and got from him the information that he had merely asked the reverend gentleman to suppose that there was such a fund, in the interest of developing Miller's sluggish imagination. There the trail ended, and the corruption fund went up in ill-smelling smoke. It is possible that in the past, before there was a Steiwer committee to run down these fables, presidential nominations may have been swayed by the uncontradicted propagation of underground slanders like this.

It is probable, too, that as a result of this investigation we have seen the last of the creation of so-called newspapers published to create sentiment against a candidate. The committee did not prove that the publication which pretends to be a newspaper and is really a stiletto for Hoover's back is financed by any anti-Hoover interest. The proprietor denied it and his denial was not disproved. But the airing this publication got was sufficient to make this form of flank movement unpopular in future among politicians desirous of creating a fictitious public sentiment against somebody they dislike.

The effect has been not merely negative, not merely the destruction of a false idea. It has also been positive, the creation of a correct one; and also, happily, one which enables us to have a kinder view of human nature. In place of the mysterious and slimy figures which populated the background of our imagination, the furtive Machiavellians who were "back of" this or that man's boom, we find that these dreadful creatures, in the light of day, turn out to be just people. The dim and spectral goblins we saw flitting darkly through the back scene prove, on being dragged down to the footlights, to be, as Kipling says, folks "most remarkable like you." It was rumored by the thousand tongues that Tammany politicians were scheming to ride into the White House on Smith's back by raising a slush fund for him. The Tammany slushers were haled before Senator Steiwer and turned out to be not politicians but chums of Smith's, with the human desire to see their old pal get high honor, and with a willingness to back that desire as far as their checkbooks held out. One of them, indeed, proved to be a Republican. The atmosphere was a little fresher after this contribution to sane thinking had been made by the Steiwer committee.

A popular impression for which there seems no warrant is that the committee is hungry for evil news and disappointed when its hunt is foiled; and that it hopefully believes in the truth of every rumor it pounces on. On the contrary, the committee displays a likable pleasure when it punctures a lie. All the reports agree that the quizzing Senators were heartily glad when they found there was no truth in the horrendous rumors that Smith was buying his way into the Presidency. When they went into North Carolina to investigate the Heflinish imaginings about Smith's purchase of that state, the North Carolinians displayed resentment over the pilgrimage, but it was a good thing to do. There was no reason to suppose the Senators believed a word of the yarn; they were out to track down every obscene spook and lay it, and in North Carolina they made a complete job of it. Mr. Hoover, too, made the mistake of resenting their inquiries into the subterranean Heflinizations about himself. In one instance he told the committee they were inquiring into "pretty low street gossip." So they were, and it was an excellent thing to do; an excellent thing for Hoover himself, but a still better thing for the general public, particularly that part of it which had swallowed the "street gossip" and been led astray by it.

While all this has been written to show the large public effect of this new and significant feature of our political development, it would not be just if the subject were left there. There should be a word for the investigating Senators themselves, especially Chairman Steiwer. He has shown a quite admirable sanity, discrimination and good judgment in his appraisal of the dunghill of rumor he has been digging into. Now that this substitution of light for darkness is here to stay, it is to be hoped—perhaps this is too much to hope—that the work will always be in such good hands as his and those of his colleagues.

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THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION

By RICHARD BURTON

THERE are a few potent influences which cement the understanding and friendship of nations. One such is that spiritual sentiment which cherishes the idea that we are all children of the one Father, and blossoms into a faith in international brotherhood. Another, hardly less instrumental in making for the amity that overleaps ethnic barriers, is the mutual love for and admiration of beauty as it expresses itself in the various forms of art and literature. In a sense, the arts know no racial fences; literature and religion are great reconcilers uniting races, with laws and language as able coadjutors. Science, too, when unselfishly pursued in the interest of universal truth, binds together its devotees, quite irrespective of national prejudices.

It is in this way that Shakespeare has international significance. The Germans claim him as their own, and produce more of his plays in a season than do the English. Some of the greatest Frenchmen of letters translate his dramas. And in our own country, an organization like the Shakespeare Association of America doughtily assumes the task of keeping his memory green, exploiting in every possible fashion his meaning and place, and when the occasion comes for testifying to the American sympathy in the project to secure funds for the erection of the Stratford Theatre as a memorial to his name, gladly assisting the effort, both as a duty and as a mark of devotion.

It is but a young Association, yet with a record of which it need not be ashamed. Founded in 1923, the tercentenary of the publication of the first folio, it has done a good deal during its brief existence to foster and develop Shakespeare culture in the United States. Dr. Ashley Horace Thorndike of Columbia, a distinguished scholar in the English field, is its president, and a glance at its roster of associated names indicates that folk of the right sort are behind this attempt to present Shakespeare in his myriad aspects to the American public, thus honoring the master poet of English speech. Among them are President Nielson of Smith, Professor Baker of Yale, Professor Brander Matthews, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe.

A few of its aims and objects may be stated; it stands for many more. Shakespeare's birthday, on April 23, is annually remembered through suggested meetings and observances; the Association sponsored one under its own auspices this year in New York. Naturally the theatre, of which he is the chief ornament, is encouraged in the presentation of plays not only by his hand but of Elizabethan authorship generally, in order to draw attention to that creative period in the history of drama and literature in which Shakespeare shines so centrally. Fine speech and fine diction also attract its care and affection. The society ventures to hope it may have some influence in bringing about what it terms the "renaissance" of the English language, "the finer shades of which were known in the days of Shakespeare." It is worth noticing here that the American Academy this year has presented to Mr. Otis Skinner its annual gold medal as an exponent of what the stage at its best can teach the world in respect of the pronunciation, articulation and delivery of good speech—speech with breeding in it, and with an atmosphere arising from it like an aroma. The Shakespeare Association would always lend its sympathetic aid to such revivals of its patron saint as have been happily manifest during the theatrical season just ending in the work of Miss Le Gallienne, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Sydney, Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Arliss and still others. In order to keep the members and all others interested and en rapport with its activities, a quarterly bulletin is published; it often contains special studies of appeal to anyone seeking illumination on the endless aspects of Shakespearean investigation. The forthcoming July number will be of unusual value because of printing Dr. Thorndike's address before the British Academy on Shakespeare in America, this being the first time an American scholar has been thus honored. For further illustration, the April issue contains a classified Shakespeare bibliography for 1927, prepared by Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, whose contributions in this field are familiar to students.

The fact that a certain confusion has arisen concerning several different societies with more or less the same purpose or interest should be touched upon here. Similar nomenclature is at the bottom of the confusion. The Shakespeare Association of America is a permanent organization, incorporated under the laws of the state of New York. On the other hand, the American Shakespeare Foundation is the title assumed by the American committee working with the British committee at the task of rebuilding and endowing the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford. When the fund is thus completed, this committee will automatically cease to exist, since its fine object will have been realized. Of course, the Shakespeare Association is in perfect sympathy with this aim, as I have stated, but the two organizations should be kept apart in the public's mind.

Further and unfortunate confusion arose last winter, owing to the formation of a so-called International Shakespeare Association, having nothing to do with either the Stratford Memorial Committee or the present Association. When this was discovered, leading citizens who had allowed their names to be used under misapprehension, very properly withdrew them.

The Shakespeare Association of America, then, has

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for its legitimate business all that ministers to the appreciation of William Shakespeare "as a factor of culture—in speech, literature, drama, the humanities and ethical principles," to quote the words of its manifesto. The organization, let it be added, looks hopefully forward to the establishment of headquarters designed as a cultural centre for Shakespearean students and others; and even further, to the securing of a fund for a foundation building with museum and library facilities, the sort of structure whose parallel for the arts is the Metropolitan Museum, that priceless centre of art activities in New York City. At present, it is an ambitious hope rather than an accomplishment, for, as the editor of the bulletin, Dr. Paul Kaufman, writes me, "our aims are grand, our funds diminutive." But a start has been made, and "the spirit is all." To depend for financial support upon membership dues only, and those most modest, since an ordinary membership is but $1.00 a year, means inevitable limitations in functioning, however horizon-wide the scope. That bequests will gradually come, is a legitimate prophecy.

Perhaps I may be permitted the recital of a recent personal experience, for what it is worth in significance, and because it is typical in encouragement for all who have fealty to Shakespeare and would see him win an ever larger following with the passing of the decades, as they bring the younger students and literature lovers under the spell of his genius. This spring, on his birthday, I chanced to be speaking on Shakespeare in the Modern World, at Burlington, Iowa, and was the dinner guest of the Shakespeare club there. Here I found thirty ladies (the club is restricted to that number) who for thirty-seven years had held weekly meetings devoted to the study of the poet, and to nothing else; and the president at the beginning was still the president who greeted me at the dinner. Before dining, I was taken to a sightly park, overlooking, from a high bluff, the winding river, to be shown a Shakespeare garden. A beautiful plot of ground has been given to the club by the city, with an annual sum for its upkeep. Working from a landscape design by a member, flower beds have been symmetrically laid out to contain the hardy flowers mentioned by Shakespeare in his works. In the centre, an antique sun-dial reminds us that there is no clock in the forest. At one end, a rise in the ground is backed by some splendid yew trees in front of which is to be set up a statue bust of the poet. He will look down on familiar blooms, and beyond, his gaze can roam at will along the winding currents of the Mississippi. Certainly a charming spot, and a challenging thought. It signifies a true, unostentatious devotion to poetry, and the name of the master bard. When school children come there, as come they will for plays sylvan in character by Shakespeare or other dramatists, they will find a wonderful setting for their performances, for the place, from its very nature and the atmosphere it creates, will tell them that the mighty poet they study in the schoolrooms was an outdoor, yeoman sort of person, who loved birds, and flowers and the scenes of nature, and would have felt at home in such a coign of vantage.

The amount of Shakespeare production now occurring all the while in this country at the hands of intelligent, earnest amateurs almost surpasses belief. There has been nothing like it before. And it is entirely aside from the enforced work of the schools. To cite one instance: the Bungalow Theatre of Denver, Colorado, during the past sixteen years has given 787 performances of sixteen Shakespeare plays. And that is but one example out of hundreds.

I believe I interpret the deepest purpose of the Shakespeare Association in saying that its desire is to connect Shakespeare culture with those wide-reaching aspirations of the human spirit for which the word "humanities" has for so long nobly stood—perhaps more clearly in the past than at the present time. Such a consideration restores the other sadly misused word, "culture," to its traditionally fine place. Shakespeare study, thus regarded, is more than a scholastic exercise, a thing of the classroom or laboratory. It associates with it all that makes for the enlargement and enrichment of the spirit of man. It places him primarily where he belongs, on the stage, a great dramatist as well as a great poet. Nothing is more encouraging and promising than the fast-growing habit of our schools and colleges of giving performances of the Shakespearean and other Elizabethan plays by and for students in all the particulars of acting, stage setting and production. I could name a dozen schools, from personal observation, where dramatic studies and activities are vitally incorporated in the curriculum in a way undreamed of a few years ago.

The Shakespeare Association pays careful, trained attention to linguistics, yet is aware that the letter killeth, unless related to the spirit that quickeneth, even as the larger includes the less. It knows that Shakespeare study is part of that Kulturgeschichte which tries to vision the times in which he lived and wrought and the English genius of which he is the inheritor and most renowned exponent, so that to comprehend him is the better to realize both his epoch and his country. For Shakespeare is mighty both in himself and also because he would not have been himself if of another race. The times are now ripe for this broader and better conception of the master writer.

Luckily, there are signs aplenty to show that, in our educational system, we are slowly but surely turning away from petty pedantic tests and coming to stress the more vital issues that link the study of him with all cultural studies. We are not so likely as once to butcher him to spoil a student's holiday. It may be that in due time we shall no longer imperil his influence with the rising generation by making their chief association with him that of a college entrance examination. For not even Shakespeare is great enough to suffer that gladly! Meanwhile, an organization like the Shakespeare Association of America has a vast field to work in, doing its share to bring in that happier day.

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FRANCE'S POLITICAL FUTURE

By ERNEST DIMNET

FRENCH politics have the reputation of being less intelligible than the politics of other nations. I frequently hear foreign visitors in Paris complaining that they cannot get natives to give them satisfactory definitions of our political parties, and that here, at all events, Gallic lucidity is at fault.

This mistake arises from the confusion of mere "groups" in the French Chamber with the national parties. Let the same confusion blur German or Italian politics and they, too, immediately become unintelligible. Who, except a specialist, can find his way through the intricacy of the German groups? Who can attempt to explain the difference between the Catholic Centre in Italy and Don Sturzo's party without destroying the clarity of "Fascism versus anti-Fascism"? Or who, in America, can explain to the puzzled foreigner how people with Socialist tendencies actually belong to the Republican party, without making him more puzzled than he was before?

The sections—always the same—in the French Chamber, corresponding to well-defined tendencies of French public opinion, are the Moderates, the Radicals, the Socialists and the Communists.

The Moderates consist of people conservatively inclined in politics, religion and economics, and on their guard against what is called today the "European" or Locarno spirit, which they regard as a source of delusions. Only once, since 1877—during the five years following the armistice—have they been the majority, and, even during those five years, they could not make up their minds to take power. They allowed office to be reserved for politicians from more advanced parties: M. Millerand, M. Leygues or M. Poincaré.

The Radicals, although fond of calling themselves the Red party, have nothing in common with the radicals or the Reds of America. They are well-to-do bourgeois, very similar to the English Liberals, anxious to be regarded as the "friends of the people," and distressed to see popular favor shift from them to the Socialists and the Communists; they are Masons, most of them, and, like all Masons in Latin countries, volubly opposed to the influence of the Church. They have been the dominant party since they wrested office from President MacMahon in 1877, and were once more the winning section at the election of 1924. But, in July, 1926, the downfall of the franc compelled them to seek the assistance of M. Poincaré.

The Socialists are also mostly bourgeois advocating the nationalization of the banks, railways, mines, companies of navigation, etc., and the extension of state monopolies, but trusting to legal reforms rather than to revolutionary methods for the realization of their program. They are, of course, internationally-minded and largely anti-Catholic.

As for the Communists, they are purely and simply a French section of the Moscow Bolsheviks, by whom they are openly financed. They advocate not only the nationalization of all big enterprises, but also the division of the land (a powerful decoy for the poorer peasant) and rely upon revolutionary methods such as the general strike or military mutinies.

At the election of 1924 the Radicals, Socialists and Communists united against the Moderates in a league called the Cartel, and beat them. The triumph of the Cartel was so complete that even the President of the republic, M. Millerand, who, constitutionally, ought to have been above political vicissitudes, had to resign along with the Prime Minister, who, then as today, was M. Poincaré. The defeat of the latter would have been less spectacular if, with a complete disregard for political contingencies, he had not, ten weeks before the election, bodily raised all taxes by 20 percent and submitted a plan of economics threatening many thousands of officials with the loss of their situations.

Very different was the background of the present election. Instead of appearing as the stern martinet shrinking from no measure where the welfare of the country is at issue, M. Poincaré, since his own opponents proclaimed in 1926 that he alone could revive confidence and coax back capital, has been universally regarded as the salvager of the franc. It is not in the famous statesman's nature to rouse enthusiasm: his enemies hate but respect him, his followers hardly ever love him. But a man cannot save his country's currency and replenish its treasury by the mere confidence he inspires without becoming the cynosure of attention. In many constituencies, candidates who could claim M. Poincaré's patronage secured a considerable asset.

This is not all. The Cartel of 1924 hardly survived its own triumph, because the Socialists, while doing all they could to compel the new Premier, M. Herriot, to carry out their favorite measure, viz., a capital levy, refused to take the responsibility for it by entering the Cabinet. During the recent electioneering campaign, the chief Radical organ, Le Quotidien, did champion a practically Socialist program and counted on this maneuver to reform the Cartel, but this method only worked where the Radical candidates took their lead from a younger man than M. Herriot, M. Daladier. In fact, the insistence of Le Quotidien only deepened the ditch between these extreme Radicals and a more conservative, more patriotic section of them following M. Franklin Bouillon.

Finally and chiefly, a coup de théâtre was produced during the campaign by Moscow's decision not to allow any Communist candidate sure of final defeat to make over his votes to a Socialist candidate whose success might be made certain by this support. The gap be-

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tween the Communists and the Socialists has appeared as impassable, at this election, as the difference between the Moderates and Socialists. I myself was present at a Communist meeting during which the candidate, though expressing himself with unexpected moderation, took no trouble to conceal his contempt for what he called Socialist wishy-washiness. The audience—very young workingmen—did not seem at all surprised at this attitude. The result of Moscow's orders was the defeat of not less than twenty-two Socialists and eighteen Radicals, and has been the dominant factor in M. Poincaré's success. Visibly the Bolshevik point of view is that the revolution stands a better chance with bourgeois of M. Poincaré's type in office than with other bourgeois masquerading as Socialists. The only constituencies where the Communists condescended to an alliance were the three Alsatian sections, which have returned autonomist deputies. It is not altogether pleasant to state that the alliance was with Catholic voters. But for this unnatural combine the incapacity of the anti-clerical Herriot is more to be blamed than the imprudence of the Catholics.

Whatever the background and incidents of the election may have been, the new Chamber is unquestionably what M. Poincaré wished it to be. The Moderates will have 328 deputies, the Radicals 156, the Socialists 104, the Communists 14; that is to say, in a Chamber of 612, there will be 328 votes on which M. Poincaré can count to 294 which may be cast against him. And even this opposition will frequently be weakened by secessions. French Radicals were so long the dominant party that they are still apt to side with the government as a matter of course. Their newspapers faintheartedly recall the fact that, theoretically and on paper, M. Poincaré himself is still a Radical. Besides, the ticket under which some deputies got elected must have been a ridiculous fallacy. I was more than surprised to see elected as a "Republican-Socialist" a gentleman, well known to me, who in his temperament and intellectual tendencies is exactly like Poincaré. It is absurd to include such a man in the opposition.

So M. Poincaré conquers. Can we call his victory a crushing defeat for his opponents? Some of them, like M. Bertrand in Le Quotidien, embittered by the secession of M. Franklin Bouillon's Radicals and especially by that of the Communists, insist that the present Chamber is as nationalist as the Chamber elected in 1919, and the Prime Minister of tomorrow ought to be not M. Poincaré but the conservative leader, M. Marin. Others, with M. Ponsot, editor of L'Ere Nouvelle, point out that the pivot of the new majority is not M. Marin's but M. Loucheur's group, and M. Loucheur, as well as M. Poincaré, insists on being called a Radical, no matter if he is a patriot, a conservative of great wealth, and even one of the staunchest defenders of the embassy to the Vatican. My opinion is that the latter are right. This Chamber is not a reactionary assembly and the country does not want it to be. France wants a conservative policy, but carried on by so-called advanced politicians. She may regard M. Herriot as a political hippopotamus, but she is grateful—contemptuously perhaps—to his adherents for serving under M. Poincaré after having kicked him out. The sleepiness in which the election took place was largely caused by the conviction: "It does not matter; if Poincaré wins the franc will be all right; if he is beaten, the Radicals will want him again to save the franc." Upon analysis, M. Poincaré is as much the victor because M. Marin has only 131 conservative deputies behind him as because the Communists have been reduced from twenty-six to fourteen.

What M. Poincaré wishes is merely a continuation of what we have seen in the Chamber and in the country throughout the past two years: union, finance preferred to politics, and practically the same team in office. During the campaign, M. Herriot as mayor of Lyons, actually supported a Socialist bitterly hostile to M. Poincaré against a resolute Poincarist. Some writers, scandalized by the anomaly of a Cabinet minister fighting his own chief, predicted that if the election were carried by M. Poincaré, M. Herriot would have to resign. But M. Herriot no more shows signs of resigning than M. Poincaré shows an inclination to get rid of him. The Prime Minister seems, like his predecessor, Clemenceau, to have entered a sphere of serenity in which only important things matter and individuals do not count.

The question is: Will M. Marin, who, during the past legislature, was only a poor relation in the Cabinet, insist on not sitting beside the aforesaid M. Herriot? Certainly M. Marin could make his concurrence dependent upon M. Herriot's withdrawal. But if he should do so, M. Poincaré would inevitably give up office, in accordance with the saying, "Il faut tomber à gauche." M. Marin is constitutionally the reverse of M. Poincaré, but no one can more spontaneously place the interests of his country before those of his party. Possible frictions between M. Poincaré and the Moderates might arise from the Premier's wish to stabilize the franc where it is, while M. Marin's friends generally think that the franc is too cheap at 25 to the dollar; or from M. Poincaré's hesitation to anger the Left by selling the state monopolies on tobacco, matches, the telephone, etc.; but these difficulties are nothing to the obstacles which the Moderates would find in their way should they assume office.

Will there be any effort on the part of the Moderates to remove the disabilities still laid upon the religious orders dedicated to teaching, or to pass a bill enabling the government to finance Catholic schools as well as the public schools? It is not likely. The new majority will be with the Alsatians in their vindication of a more complete religious freedom than the rest of the country enjoys. It will also encourage the government to go on winking at the quiet creeping back of monks and nuns into their former schools, but they will hardly venture on a more definite action which

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would give the Radicals another chance of proclaiming the danger of clericalism. M. Marin and his followers know that, in this country, the less than is said about religion, the better. Gradually and almost invisibly the harm done to Church institutions by the anti-Catholic laws of 1901 and 1905 is being mended, and no political interference is necessary to help this restoration.

This brief review of the consequences of M. Poincaré's success at the election would not be complete should I not conclude it with a few words concerning international politics. M. Poincaré's victory, as might have been expected, has not been greeted with satisfaction in Germany. A considerable section of public opinion beyond the Rhine is haunted by the fear of an attack from France—exactly as our nationalists fear an attack from Germany, without distinguishing between German pacifists and German militarists. To this section M. Painlevé, an undoubted pacifist, appears as a militarist, because he is our War Minister, while M. Poincaré is still the Ruhr ogre. But this is childishness. On four occasions within the past two months, M. Poincaré has publicly stated his firm resolve to promote M. Briand's efforts toward peace. On the other hand, the reduction of the military service in France to one year means nothing if not the impossibility on this side of carrying on any except a defensive war—a view recently defended by a German writer, Herr Carl Mertens. M. Poincaré is a Lorrainer, that is to say, a Frenchman born within a few miles of the German border. Lorrainers hate Germans, many foreigners say, hence M. Poincaré's idiosyncracies. But Lorrainers do not hate Germans, they know them—know many of them personally, as people in Buffalo may know people in Toronto, and this kind of knowledge is more apt to result in compromise than in hatred. This view cannot be truer of anybody than of the lawyer Poincaré.

As for the atmosphere in which a gradual rapprochement between France and Germany can be effected, it has never been more favorable than it is at present, with an average of 100,000 German tourists visiting Paris every summer, and the constant publication in France of serious investigations of German conditions.

On the whole, it is a stroke of luck for Europe that M. Poincaré, with his financial prestige, should be strengthened by the recent election, and it is fortunate for France that the new majority should be composite as it is. Its very indefiniteness makes political divisions less inevitable. M. Poincaré is right in repeating that the franc is not stabilized yet and can only be stabilized in a serene atmosphere.

AN INTERIOR

By PADRAIC COLUM

HER mother called her early and confided certain messages to her, and Julia, who was not unused to the mysteries, did everything faithfully and in order. Then the attending women came in. Julia was sent to draw water from the well and the children were drilled in quietness. Like a cadet under orders, loyally but with tension, the little girl did her offices. At the due time she went out to milk the goats, bringing the two children with her. Usually they used to approach the goats nervously, for milking them was an adventure.

This evening Julia left the children at a distance and dealt with the wild things firmly. Then the three sat on the grass for a while and talked; little Fardy, who was unused to conversation, brought up enormous things out of his so long inarticulate being. When they went in they found they had the kitchen to themselves. The children were all drawn together and Julia comforted them. Then there was silence for a while. A cow came to the window, and, standing in the half light, put its tongue against the single pane. The children were startled.

Then Julia began to tell them stories, and the light closed in. A woman came down to tell them that all was well with their mother, and then there was tedium again. She lit the smoky lamp and hung it against the chimney. Ellie thought of riddles. Julia began to give them out and Fardy considered them profoundly. Afterward they wanted more stories, and Julia fell back upon an unending description of heaven. "But could you eat a golden apple?" Ellie said. "You could," Julia assured her, "and it would taste like a plum." The children went to sleep and Julia was left to vacancy. She got up, swept the floor again, and put more peat upon the fire. Then she went to search on the top of the dresser; many curious things were there, but only on such an occasion as the present Julia had the leisure to explore. While she was searching she heard the cry of the new-born child. Her grandfather came in and sat at the fire opposite her, and then a woman came down and showed Julia her new care. Then Julia fell asleep sitting by the fire. . . .

"That's Julia," Mickie, her grandfather, was saying, "and I think that Julia had the weight of the day on her."

"My nephew wasn't married when I was in this part before," the strange woman said. That the important personage, her aunt from America, should appear on this night was like a dream to Julia. She opened her eyes to look at her. The bonnet was on her aunt's head, but the strings were unloosed. Her bodice was rusty black and the whalebone in her stays showed itself at her shoulder blades. She was seated on a folding stool she had brought with her. Julia saw a

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grey, fleshy face. Her aunt opened a parcel and spread out on her lap a heap of bread and meat.

"I like to come to Ireland now and again," she said. "It does me good."

She took the cork out of a bottle, filled a collapsible cup with the liquid and drank some off. She filled it again and tendered the cup to Mickie.

"The last time I was here I didn't get whisky so good," she said, beating the cork back with the palm of her hand. "I brought it with me this time. I always bring whisky with me on my travels."

She passed the paper of bread and meat to Mickie, ate some herself, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"I wasn't much bigger than that little girl when I went to the States," she said, "and I was a long time there before I got it into my head to sit up and pay attention. I was no more than a hired girl that time, but I began to put money together. But I was up to forty before I had my first thousand dollars. I had a lodging house of my own then. There was a strike in the section I lived in, and the men wouldn't draw goods from the railways. I thought of putting vans upon the street and giving the job of drawing to greenhorns that were boarding with me. I did that, and the next year I had a railway contract. I had twelve vans out, and I was paying man a pound a day."

"A pound a day! By the mortial," said Mickie. Then he added, "I might be your brother, and I never saw the sight of seven pounds."

"I was giving men a pound a day," said the aunt, "and I was giving it to men from this side too."

"Begob, it was powerful," said Mickie, "and are you in that business now, ma'am?"

"Not now," said the aunt. "I put my money into building and house property. I made good provision for each of my children. I'm living out of investments myself. You must know that I gave over my estate to my eldest son."

The word "estate" had a powerful effect upon Mickie. "It's a high-up lady you are, ma'am," said he. "Estate! Who would think that any of your name could talk of their estate. And isn't this a poor place for you to be spending the night?"

"There's no other place in these parts for me to go to," said the aunt. "I'm tired of traveling on the car, and I can seat myself here until day. I always carry a little stool about with me." She talked of furniture, houses, food and raiment as Julia talked to the children of the remote material delights of heaven. "I stay in London, and in Paris, and in Rome," she said, "and I always bring my own sheets with me. When I'm abroad I have tea in what's called the English way. When I was in Rome I was living in a palace."

"And did you see the Pope?" said Mickie.

"I saw him in a procession," said the aunt. Julia thought of the grand golden car of a circus procession, and saw the Holy Father in it with a crown upon his head. "It's a happy woman you ought to be, ma'am," said Mickie, "and who could think that anyone of your name would see holy Rome?"

"Well, for comfort, I'd rather be in my own flat in Brooklyn, where I could have my own gas stove and hot and cold water." The room door opened and the thin cry of the child was heard. Mrs. Cromer came down. She yawned and continued yawning for a couple of minutes. "I'll have to be going," she said. But when she had put the shawl across her shoulders she sat down again. The aunt produced the bottle, gave the collapsible cup with the liquid to Mrs. Cromer and to Mickie, drank something herself, and corked the bottle. "I suppose, ma'am," said Mrs. Cromer, "that you're not used to a place where a woman's child is born and the father a hundred miles away?" "Away earning money," said Mickie. "Earning money harvesting in Scotland," said Mrs. Cromer.

"I'm glad I'm not beginning a woman's life again," said the aunt.

"Well, when we had the youth we had the sport," said Mrs. Cromer. She stood up. "I'll be tossing hay all day, and the boys and girls will be coming into my house for the dance tonight. I don't want to be dropping into a sleep when the music's up."

She opened the door and the wide light of the morning streamed in. The corncrakes kept up their revels and were loud in the meadows that were round the house. Mrs. Cromer stood for a while in the doorway and then went out. Mickie came out of the chimney recess. On the aunt's lap lay the paper of food, and her head leaned toward it. The bonnet had slipped off, and her hair was disheveled. Mickie took down the fishing pole and stood for a while at the open door, bearing the pole that was so much taller than himself. The children stirred in the cold of the dawn. Julia put a coat across their bed, and then fell into a heavy doze. She dreamt that she was traveling to a place where her mother was, and beyond that to a place where Mrs. Cromer was, and beyond that to a place where her aunt was—"Flat, Brooklyn," somebody said, and she woke up stiff and dispirited.

"Brinvillier's Countess. . ."

Brinvillier's countess, when the hour arrived
That bound her to the stake where she must pay,
With twenty deaths in one slow death contrived,
Full forfeit of her crimes, watching, they say,
Her torturers fill a barrel, did not shrink
To ask: "For whom this water that you pour?"
"Madame, for you." "Five litres! Do you think
That I shall drink it?" "Ay! and beg for more."

Ignoble, in our day of prenticeship
To pain, the proffered solace seems to be.
Better to suffer comfortless than strip
Grandeur from grief—from death all dignity.
Arrives one ordeal, and the anguished soul
Begs heaven for the half that spurned the whole.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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PRECIOUS PORTRAITS

By ERNEST F. BODDINGTON

THIRTY-FOUR years have passed since that day, when, emerging from the thick woods, a stepson of the Province of Quebec dropped from the sunken, boulder-strewn road of that time and encountered Telesphore St. Jean resting on the bank. As "the shadows came creeping up from the dales to take the hills by storm," we sat and communed of those old things and old folks, now portrayed with remarkable fidelity and a reverence tender and poetic, in these silhouettes by Mr. Bouchard.*

Other days, other ways. That boulder-strewn road to Lac Supérieur, where the sturdy pioneer Racette was clearing the first farm, is now an automobile highway; Lac Supérieur is by way of being a fashionable resort, with hotels and camps, central clubhouse with waxed floors for the outlanders who heed not the regulations concerning modern dances, and really excellent tennis courts.

A great traveler, this Telesphore St. Jean. From Montreal to that Indian Territory which is now Oklahoma, he had roamed, and in roaming, had ruminated. He had resolved many things during his wanderings, had worked out for himself a very definite philosophy, had sifted the real from the unreal things of life. What the great ones of the earth called progress was a puzzlement to him—he even expressed the most heretical opinions in regard to the pursuit of happiness, holding that to run after something which was at hand all the time was a most peculiar proceeding. In a word, my friend Telesphore—and proud I am to call him friend—was himself one of those vielles gens whom Mr. Bouchard pictures with something approaching piety. One might almost think the author had him in mind in writing of the condemned house. The planks across the windows of the home near which we talked in the gloaming on that beautiful evening of long ago, hang loose and rotting from their red, rusted nails. The good woman who rose to greet me from the flower-embowered porch and asked if monsieur would like a glass of milk, or—a glance at the fishing creel—peut-être a sip of whiskey blanc, was forced to follow the dissatisfied daughters to Montreal, where she soon pined and died. Each year, on my way up to the mountains, or down from them, when I seek out Telesphore, at his stall in the Bonsecours Market, where he extols the farm produce that another has raised, he asks wistfully about that old house—la maison condamnée.

The crier, that marvel of the half-hour after High Mass, is perhaps the figure of the past who will survive the longest. The bonesetter may have vanished from many parishes, the "forgeron" may have become a pathetic tinkerer of automobiles and a protesting purveyor of gasoline, but the voice of the crieur is still heard in the land. May his shadow and his sly wheedling tones never grow less! I see him now, as I saw him only last summer, when he brought the gossiping groups to attention by vociferating, as he uncovered his head: "God save the king!"

After High Mass! An hour of exchange of articles and ideas, of meetings of minorities in school and highway matters and, during political campaigns, of joint debates between opposing candidates evoking an outpouring of oratory which, if collected and printed, would make a Lincoln and Douglas discussion look, by comparison, like a mild exchange of civilities. Mr. Bouchard writes not of these things. He is a Member of Parliament, and doubtless he has memories of hecklings more pungent than pleasant. Some day, however, a candidate will record his experiences of a month of Sundays, and that book shall be a mine of information for all who would plumb the native shrewdness, the natural forensic equipment and the dry, homely humor of the habitant.

Another picture that one misses in this charming collection is that of the croquet players. Let Lac Supérieur boast its tennis courts. What, after all, is tennis? One bangs a ball across a net, one perspires and perhaps—O tempora, O mores!—one drinks tea! But croquet, mark you, is a game for mature men. Much "tabac canayen" must be consumed in deliberation and the study of angles. Cabals must be formed to bring about the discomfiture of the curé, who imagines he has the makings of a champion, but who leads the laughter when he is blocked again and again, until he cries in despair: "Look you, as a croquet player I am a first-class canonist. But yes, of a certainty, a canonist fit to be a consultant to the Curia!"

This country curé, how well our author knows him, how exactly he evaluates his place in Jacques Bonhomme's scheme of things! Let Mr. Bouchard speak for himself:

> He had by virtue of long contact with the men of the fields, a tendency to moderation and a maturity of judgment which made him the most invaluable counselor in all the difficult circumstances of life. In the backwoods parishes, where professional men were rare, the curé was at once the healer of soul and body, his treatments being as free of cost in one case as in the other. The curé also drew up agreements like a notary and he assumed the rôles of judge and advocate by being the arbitrator of his parishioners in most of their misunderstandings.

Other days, other ways—but one may be permitted to question whether the time has come to relegate to the attic the priceless picture of the priest's housekeeper as a portrait no longer of the mode. Today, even as yesterday, in many of the back parishes, the chatelaine of the presbytère is asking of the barefoot child who comes to sell his pail of fresh picked blueberries: "Ah, Maurice, and what is your mother doing this fine morning?" and the youngster is answering,

**Other Days, Other Ways, by Georges Bouchard; translated by Alan Hunt Holley. New York and Montreal: Louis Carrier and Company. $2.50.*

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as his grandfather answered in his day: "Thank you, she is doing her best."

Temptation is strong to soliloquize on each one of the silhouettes, but the spaciousness of a weekly review is not that of the province of Quebec which they reflect. Let it be said, however, that the format of this excellent work is worthy of the quality of its content. Printed on heavy stock in linotype Benedictine, with Old Style Antique initials, and illustrated by twenty-three wood engravings, it is an accomplishment in bookmaking of which the publishers may well be proud.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE ONE-MAN SHOP ONCE MORE

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—From at least one reader of The Commonweal, the language of the editor of the Tablet meets with no opposition.

Mr. Oldmeadow talks in the language that is understood by people who are familiar with industry, as conducted under the old unregulated conditions of long hours and sweat-shop evils. We trust he will not accept the comment of the editors of The Commonweal as a criterion in the matter of defining what constitutes industrial language for the one-man shop or trader.

The best answer to any intelligent discussion of the early closing of one-man shops, is to be the owner of one of these small shops. They can be seen working late any night with steam ascending to their faces from a pair of pants that have just been brought in by someone more interested in their own comfort than in the matter of decent hours for the little shopkeeper. Or the one-man barber shop who stays open as late as possible, and about midnight, some inebriated customer rolls in, demanding a complete transformation.

The small trader has a proper place in the economic scheme of things, but his independence must not be attained at the expense of breaking down the improvements and legislative barriers that have been created by trade unions and a wise civic spirit. The small trader of the English industrial community has his counterpart in the United States in the small contractors in the garment industry; who take the cloth home to the tenements, and all of the family work making up garments. Or the tailor's shop at the corner, who is trying to maintain a decent American living standard for himself and his family, against some enthusiastic immigrant with Europe as his background, who will open his basement shop in the middle of the block and proceed to destroy the decently conducted tailor shop at the corner, by opening long hours with a bare subsistance status of living.

We will answer the question of the editors of The Commonweal: "By what means does he propose that the small shopkeeper shall find bread for his family, etc.," because Mr. Oldmeadow might have some doubts about American industrial ability to meet with the early closing conditions complained of in London. The answer is organization of the small trader into strong unions that will not only help to regulate the hours of employment in the conduct of their small establishments, but will place them in the position, if they exercise any business sense, of buying through the cartel. This organized buying power will help them offset the price-fixing of the large distributing agencies.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE DOGMA OF WOMAN'S SOUL

St.-Andrew's-on-Hudson, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Littel's Living Age, in its issue of June, 1928, quotes from the Observer a review of Wieth-Knudsen's Feminism, by the celebrated novelist, Rose Macaulay. Miss Macaulay writes: "The Early Fathers used to debate whether women had souls. Professor Wieth-Knudsen does not do this, he knows they have not."

The Professor's book, judged by Miss Macaulay's description, seems to deserve the severe strictures she gives it. Her new species of Fathers, capitalized as Early, and their debates, is probably the latest version of an exceedingly old and constantly varying myth. In January, 1906, Professor O. G. Gourlac, of Cornell, lecturing in Montreal, is reported as saying: "One of the Church councils had even discussed the question as to whether women had souls or not and had arrived at a negative conclusion." In the June of that same year at the closing exercises of the girls' high school, Henry R. Edmunds, then president of the board of education, told the "sweet girl graduates" that "as late as the fifteenth century there was held in the south of France a council of learned prelates who for two days discussed the question whether woman had a soul or not. At the end of two days they gave this equivocal decision—that woman was a human being." Mr. Edmunds took his statement from Sketches on the Old Road through France and Florence, by D. H. Hallam Murray, which declares, "Women should never forget what they owe to the town of Mâcon. My theological friends tell me it was the Council of Mâcon which decided that women were human beings. The question before the Council was whether women had souls. That point was left open, but the subsidiary dogma was fixed forever and since that Council in the middle of the sixth century it has been quite possible to remain a good Catholic and yet to doubt no more than the rest of mankind that women are practically of the same species as ourselves." Vance Thompson about ten years ago in a book named Woman made much of the same supposed dogma.

Miss Macaulay then is repeating a story which always gets a laugh at women's clubs, at feminist meetings and other occasions for wit. Bebel in his book on Woman is said to be the source of this perversion of a simple fact. What is the fact? There was a Council in Mâcon in 585 attended by forty-six bishops with representatives of twenty other bishops. The decrees are extant, but contain no word about this interesting dogma. Gregory of Tours, a contemporary, in the eighth book of his History of France, gives us the incident which is the innocent occasion of this calumny. "One of the bishops," writes Gregory, "said that a woman could not be called man—'Mulierem hominem non posse vocari'—but when he heard the reasons given by the bishops, he was content." The point was, as Gregory explains, a lack of Latin on the part of this single bishop who wished woman to be explicitly mentioned in some decree and was not satisfied that "homo" signified woman as well as man. Maybe the bishop was a legal phraseologist, maybe an early feminist anxious for equal privileges for woman, maybe a mere man zealous to impose duties on women, but more likely the good bishop was not well acquainted with the grammatical nature of the epicene "homo." When he was told that in Scripture Christ was the Son of Man and yet born only of woman, he acquiesced and did no more objecting to the wording of a decree. Never has the suggested amendment of one word in a proposed law had so long a history.

REV. FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

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THE CHALLENGE OF THE THEATRE: III

By R. DANA SKINNER

(This is the last of three articles written for The Commonweal on a practical program for a new theatrical producing group. Mr. Skinner particularly requests discussion or suggestions from those interested.—The Editors.)

IN TWO preceding articles, I have outlined briefly the moral obligation of right-minded people to take an active and practical interest in the modern theatre; the obvious fact that "decent" plays of many varied types can be and have been distinct successes; a method by which a new producing group could select and test plays with a view to their sound commercial value; and, lastly, the business advantage of renting a theatre for an entire season and presenting a consistent series of plays rather than financing separate productions at haphazard.

This brings us to the all-important practical matters of business organization and operating budgets. As I have said, I am not urging an endowed theatre—but merely the investment of business capital in a sounder and healthier form of entertainment than we are apt to get from present sources. The new producing group, then, should be organized as a business corporation, with one class of fully paid common stock, and a board of at least five directors. This board should include two men thoroughly conversant with theatrical affairs. The rest should be hard-headed business men with just enough adaptability to realize that play production can be as legitimate a business as book or magazine publishing or the management of a silk mill.

The board should select the best general manager obtainable, and then give him the fullest responsibility for every detail of business management: theatre rental, contracts and purchases, and all disbursements under a general budget approved by the board. The second appointee (unless, which is preferable, one man of unusual qualifications can be found for both capacities) should be the producing manager under whom would come casting, scenic and costume design, the work of the director, stage manager and every activity behind the curtain. He would naturally be expected to consult with a committee of the board and the general business manager in all important selections—notably the director who would make the final selections in casting—but once employed, he should be given as free a hand as possible. Nothing is more ruinous in theatrical affairs as well as in general business than divided responsibility or the constant need of referring small decisions to "higher-ups."

The third step should be the appointment of the two play-reading committees, one from the organization itself and one as an outside independent check. The complete operating unit would then consist of the general business manager and production manager, three play readers, a director and a press agent. The remaining personnel would be employed only during the active production season.

The board, or a subcommittee, working with the general manager, would then be in a position to draw up a general operating budget for the year. The costs of play production are generally divided into (a) cost up to the raising of the curtain, and (b) running costs. In the case of a permanent organization, certain overhead costs must be distributed over all the plays projected. The main items of a year's budget would come under the following headings:

General, including the salaries of the general and production manager, permanent director, press agent, play committee and stenographic force, and the rental of a theatre by the year. A figure of $95,000 would amply cover this, including the rental of a theatre with from 800 to 900 seats.

Production, including play purchase fund, fund for special music, etc., allowance for scenic and costume design, for building and painting of scenery, for the making of costumes, purchase of properties and lighting equipment, allowance for extra or dress rehearsals, printing, mailing, etc., announcements, posters, advance advertising, and such sundries as hauling, storage, etc.

Operating, including actors' payroll, allowance for permanent stage crew, salaries for box-office and "front of house" personnel, musicians' payroll and newspaper advertising.

Space does not permit elaborating these items, but I have listed them merely to indicate that the items of theatrical production and operation are quite similar to those of any other business. A manufacturing company has its permanent overhead, the engineering or designing costs for new or improved products, the costs for new machine tools and equipment, which must all be met in advance of placing the products on the market. Then comes the period of sales and advertising activity, beyond which public response must determine the operating budget as a "going concern." The closest analogy, of course, is the publication of books or a magazine, where each new book or issue of the magazine is a "new product," but where the reputation and general policy of the publishing house has a large influence in obtaining public interest and acceptance.

For the *Production* items, it is possible to set a maximum cost for the season as a whole, by which the play readers and others could be guided. For example, a modern drawing-room play, with one setting, might be staged (up to the opening) for a direct cost of less than $10,000. A distinctly elaborate costume play, with five or six settings and forty or more costumes, might cost $40,000. In between would range the modern plays with two and three settings, and the simpler costume plays. Thus an advance production budget of $100,000 would permit the play readers to consider the following season's program: One elaborate costume play at $40,000, one simple costume play at $20,000, two modern plays (two-three sets each) at $30,000, and one simple modern play (one set) at $10,000.

In the same way, a rough estimate of the *Operating* budget could be drawn up, assuming a balanced program and average requirements for each general type of play contemplated. Such a budget, looking to forty weeks of active production, might be somewhat as follows: Actors' payroll, $75,000; stage crew, $24,000; house personnel—"front"—$24,000; musicians, $5,000; newspaper advertising, $28,000, or a total of $156,000.

These figures are purposely set high, although the actors' payroll is based on the fact that actors will take much lower weekly salaries in exchange for the assurance of a forty weeks' season. The example of the Theatre Guild indicates the entire feasability of having such a permanent acting company as a nucleus for quite varied productions. If we take the three estimates above, we have a complete advance budget of $95,000 for *General* expenses, $100,000 for *Production* and $156,000 for *Operating,* or a total of $351,000.

So far, we have taken no account of income. This derives from two main sources: direct ticket sales and the manager's

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half-share of motion picture rights. Foreign rights, stock company rights, etc., do not materialize until the second or third year, and so can be disregarded for present purposes, although they supply a "slow asset" of considerable importance.

As to ticket sales, we must be very conservative, since the public is as capricious about plays as about books or fabric designs. But successful commercial producing organizations, whose operations have been based on averages, figure that one real success can reasonably be looked for in a series of five good plays a season. Let us assume, then, a theatre of 800-900 seats, from which the capacity return would be $15,000 a week; assume, also, that the first two plays are dark failures, grossing only one-fifth capacity (or $3,000 a week) for four weeks each; that the third and fourth plays run four weeks each at only one-half capacity (or $7,500 a week); and that only the fifth is a comparative success, running the twenty-four remaining weeks at four-fifths capacity, or $12,000. This would be far from a sensationally good season, admittedly; yet the box-office returns would figure as follows:

Plays 1 and 2 (less $1,200 royalties)	$ 22,800
Plays 3 and 4 (less $3,486 royalties)	$ 56,514
Play 5 (less $21,300 royalties)	$266,700
	$346,014

Add to this a reasonable figure of $25,000 as the manager's share in motion-picture rights on only three of the five plays, and in spite of four failures and only one success, the returns from the season would show an operating profit of $21,000—or about 14 percent on the $150,000 of invested capital which the organization of such a group would represent.

Of course a small actual deficit or a much larger return are equally possible—as in any other business where sales depend chiefly on public taste. My object is neither to hold out financial hopes nor to predict disaster, but merely to show, in some detail, the actual workings of theatrical enterprise, and the ease with which a few men of means and honest standards could fulfil what has become a real moral obligation. We have no right to criticize the modern theatrical trend if we do nothing practical to turn it in another direction. Plenty of authors could and would write more wholesome plays if they could find a group ready to produce them without seeking sensational returns. There are plenty of actors, too, ready to give their finest devotion to work in a theatre where the atmosphere breathes freely. I know of at least ten men in New York City who could organize and finance such a group on less than 3 percent of their annual incomes! And a hundred more could do it on a mere fraction of 1 percent of their invested capital!

The question resolves itself to this: Will the men who are capable of doing it, and who should do it, take up the task of providing at least one centre of decent entertainment in New York City? Or will they continue to be laggards—too aloof to think of associating in any business way with the theatre, but ready enough, it seems, to swell the profits of the Broadway gamblers by paying exorbitant ticket prices for the present tainted fare? What answer will they give to the producer who says, "I'm giving the public what it wants. If you don't like it, why not try something yourself?" This is the real challenge of the modern theatre. Under these circumstances, I cannot request too urgently that anyone reading these words, and finding in them some grain of common sense, will write, in care of this magazine, to suggest what further action can be taken—promptly and with vigor!

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POEMS

Jap Prints

Her mouth is like a moth
With velvet wings;
Were my own lips more of flame
Hers would settle more
And flutter less.

I am older now;
The pressed flowers in my book
Are only dried things
Bulking the pages.

Death must be illuminating;
It seems impossible now
To view this world
From behind the stars.

Love is a silver hammer
Beating songs
Off my heart.

I would not take your kiss,
Fearing lest it should mark
The slender limitations of the flesh;
Give me forever your voice
Uplifted in glad songs and singing.

ISAAC BENJAMIN.

At the Homestead

They came, and stayed a while, and left. The chatter
Of children's tongues still agitates the gloom
Where silence tumbled from a silver platter
And never left a fragment in the room.

The laughter clings in clusters on the ceiling
Mocking the saucy timepiece on the shelf,
And echoes dance where sorrow had been kneeling
And granddad finds a chuckle by himself.

It won't be long before the place is quiet
And stillness reigns, a tyrant in the house,
Then granddad's ears shall have the meagre diet
Of creaking boards and scratching of a mouse.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

Sheep

"The world is growing better,"
Said the old bell-wether;
"That is so," said a dam;
"That is so," said a lamb—
Till all the flock repeated:
"That is so. . . That is so."

"The world is retrogressive,"
Said the old bell-wether;
"That is so," said a dam;
"That is so," said a lamb;
And all the flock repeated:
"That is so, that is so!"

ANNICE CALLAND.

Blind Girl

Blind Girl, always will the dusk
Yield an aftermath of musk,
And the end of evening close
Briefly on the shattered rose;
Always will this cautious rain
Have a little less to gain.

When familiar darkness falls
After twilight, and recalls
Roses of another year,
You will start at what you hear;
You will marvel as you note
Foolish sobbings in my throat.

Rain desists, and roses pass
(Petals lie along the grass)
Beauty that you may not see
Breaks a certain part of me.
"Tell me of the rose you knew. . ."
Blind Girl, what is it to you?

LEO KENNEDY.

Requiem

After the play
He brought her home
But would not stay.
Change is the only death that's real,
She thought.
"I've had a fine time—anyway,"
She said.
He left her at the door.
Change *is* being dead.

A moment more—the tomb
Of her reproachful room!
The cushions—she had promised them,
The mirror—that remembered him,
And the red screen
He had not seen.

DOROTHY HAIGHT.

An Old Garden

Sealed from your modern world by quaint design
Of trellised wall where honeysuckles cling,
An antique garden vies with breath of spring
In scent of candytuft and columbine.
Prim spinster hollyhocks in proper line
Frown upon love-in-a-mist, blue harebells ring
Carpathian peals, and phlox their incense swing
All down a tanbark path of that old shrine.

So real the ancient magic, I hear fairspoken
Courtier speech where wig and ruffles meet,
Playing beside the fountain head for token
Appropriate to that serene retreat. . .
Then hideously the witchery is broken
By motor siren shrieking down the street.

BENJAMIN MUSSER.

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BOOKS

An American Record

John Stevens: An American Record, by Archibald Douglas Turnbull. New York: The Century Company. $5.00.

ONE by one true heroes in American history emerge from shadows which, for one reason or another, have surrounded them. The debunking process which is removing the haloes from some great figures has its counterpart in an upbuilding process which is giving to others a greater measure of esteem and appreciation than has been accorded them heretofore. Among these are John Stevens, Revolutionary soldier, financier, lawyer, farmer and horticulturist, sanitation expert, road builder, and finally, the foremost engineer and inventor in the America of his time. It can hardly be said that John Stevens has been neglected by his unappreciative countrymen, but it certainly is true that, while his eminent services to his country and the world as one of the first and greatest inventors have long had proper recognition by the engineering profession, they have not been properly evaluated by his fellow-citizens generally.

The biography which Commander Archibald Douglas Turnbull has written will do much toward establishing that fine old American and his no less fine American sons in niches in the American Valhalla in which they properly belong. The work of John Stevens, supplemented by that of his gifted sons, is in fact an amazing story. The versatility of the man is astonishing. It is a long stretch from tax gatherer for the struggling army of George Washington to the projection of armored war vessels, but even this great stretch could be accepted without much wonder were it not that various details of some of the efforts of this pioneer American engineer indicate an insight into other things which is little short of marvelous. The development of his genius is both curious and significant.

As a farmer and landed proprietor after the Revolution, John Stevens came to appreciate the absolute need of improved transportation in the colonies not only as a matter of economics but also as a means of bringing the American colonists closer together politically. This led to road-building and the establishment of a ferry service between Hoboken and New York. In his efforts to improve these two means of communication by land and water, the young Stevens was led to investigations as to the application of steam to both means of transportation. The result on land was that he became the leading railway pioneer of the United States and, in fact, was a quarter of a century in advance of his time in land transportation. He obtained the first American charter for a railway in 1817 and by constant agitation, experiments and efforts, was able to run the first successful "steam carriage" on rails in America in 1825. The result on sea was the construction and operation of the first steamboats in America in practical service and, incidentally, the invention of the screw propellor which was used in a steamboat on the Hudson three years before Fulton's Clermont. John Stevens also constructed and operated the first steamboat in the world to make an ocean voyage. Incidental to the development of the steam engine for use in both lines of transportation Colonel Stevens invented the multitubular boiler.

All these notable achievements stand for themselves. They are great but, after all, they are the logical developments of the times. Scientists, inventors, practical men of affairs all over the world were working upon the same problems. They were

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seeking improved means of transport and communication; they were attempting to apply steam and other power in more effective ways. Other men—Fulton and Livingston in America and George Stephenson, Watt, Boulton and others in Europe—were active and on the whole accomplished much, and in such respect Stevens may be regarded as first among his peers. But what is one to say of the little engine in the original steamboat, Little Juliana, which operated on the Hudson in 1804 on the principle of the modern turbine engine; or of the growing genius of the man who, having developed the steamboat, then the steam ocean vessel, proceeded further to the development of the steam warship, then the ironclad and incidentally the elongated bursting shell of modern warfare? What vision passed through the mind which a hundred years ago planned auxilliary steam vessels for warships to serve against the Algerian pirates on the principle of the modern destroyer?

It is interesting and significant to note how much these early engineering pioneers were handicapped by the mechanical standards and accomplishments of the time. What would the "thousandth clearance," even the ten-thousandth clearance, of the automobile of today have accomplished in a day when the commonly accepted accuracy in the fitting of working parts was the thickness of a worn shilling? Had John Stevens been able to secure in this or any other country a boiler capable of withstanding what was then called "high pressure" of, say, forty pounds to the inch instead of the two and one-half to three pounds then common and accepted as the utmost workable limit in England, what might have been expected of the original turbine engine and the twin screw propellers which were in fact arranged upon the principles now applied in the greatest vessels afloat?

Nor is it without both interest and value to consider the curious theory of rights under patents which made it possible for Fulton to hold up the development of steam navigation for years by the rights he claimed to the exclusive navigation by steam vessels of territorial waters. Perhaps one of the most valuable services Commander Turnbull renders is the complete debunking of Robert Fulton, great though the services of that gentleman may have been in some respects.

It is a curious commentary upon the relations of the Orient and Occident 125 years ago to realize that many of the principles of power-driven vessels over which occidental engineers fought had been worked out and practically applied in the Orient years, even in some cases centuries, before. The Chinese scull or "yu-loh" was known in the West and several attempts to apply the principle had been made. Yet Colonel Stevens seems to have worked out the principle of the screw propeller quite independently. The Chinese, too, in their man-power paddle boats, had worked out the advantages of applying the motive power at the stern of the vessel. In America, and in the Europe of the time, all such practical developments were worked out in a welter of experimentation and controversy, in the practical laboratory of practical business competition.

Commander Turnbull's book has been written with no great pretensions to literary merit but it is a creditable literary effort for all that. It indicates the result of painstaking research into original sources. The only general criticism to be offered in respect to the treatment of the author's material lies in the possibility that many of the letters and other original material quoted are hardly necessary to the story. However, Commander Turnbull's object was to present not only the life of John Stevens but also something of a record of his times, and in this he has succeeded admirably.

GEORGE E. ANDERSON.

Border-Line Fiction

The Eternal Moment, by E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

HIS brief foreword tells us, regrettably, that Mr. Forster will add no more short narratives to the twelve which this new volume and a former collection, The Celestial Omnibus, contain. Yet even those readers who find in his exquisite art a saving grace amid all the confusions and shortcomings of current fiction will reflect upon this statement with satisfaction and respect. It is another indication of that cautious, sensitive artistry which has made the author of Howards End and A Passage to India a singular, independent figure among contemporary novelists, a writer whose first merit is his abstention from print unless he has something of sound, fearless merit to present. All of these stories antedate 1914, so it may seem to be the Forster of an earlier period, rather than the one who came into general favor with his later novel of 1924, that we are reading here. But no adjustment is necessary on the part of the reader. Mr. Forster had the fortune to find in his very first essay in narrative a style and viewpoint essentially his own, to which he has adhered consistently ever since. When students some day undertake to write critical studies of his works they will be confronted with the difficulty of detecting growths and changes where none exist; thus far five novels, two collections of tales and two volumes of essays have testified to a unity of attitude and style which he possesses in joint ownership with only a few kindred spirits in English literature today —Mr. De la Mare, Mr. Housman and Mr. Beerbohm.

The supernatural is never very far away from the characters of the Forster novels, no matter if it visit them on the meadows of Wiltshire, the hillsides above Florence or in the Marabar caves in India. It is in his shorter narratives, however, that the shapes of fantasy and strangeness become most concretely embodied, even to the extent of surrounding the scenes and persons of ordinary life with powers beyond ordinary comprehension and grasp. In the longer novels this strife between the forces of stodgy material complacency and the diviner forces of imagination goes on between clumsy mortals—between Mr. Wilcox and Helen Schlegel, Agnes Pembroke and Stephen Wonham, Mr. Vyse and George Emerson, the Herritons and the immortal Gino, and Mrs. Moore and the official encampment at Chandrapore. But in the stories of a briefer kind, the partisans of fantasy and melody actually call to their aid companions from the shadows and mists. In The Story of a Panic, Eustace escaped in this manner from the blunt cruelty of his family and friends, and in The Celestial Omnibus, the little boy triumphed through Shelley's and Sir Thomas Browne's kindly intervention.

The present volume handles similar conflicts. In Coördination, Miss Haddon finds her release from the drudgery and ugliness of her schoolmistress life through the collaboration of Napoleon and Beethoven; in The Point of It, Micky first feels the keen edge of truth after he withdraws from the easy life which has never once tested his metal; while in The Story of the Siren, one contact with mystery startles an entire Sicilian community. To the delicate elusive material of such stories Mr. Forster has brought again his enviable understatement, and his salient poetic insight. In The Machine Stops we have one of those terrible allegories of the mechanical world of the future which at first sight reminds us of the first tales of Wells or, better still, of the later plays of the brothers Capek or Ernst Toller. Yet with the picture of doom there presented, the first enthusiasm of Wells has little connection; hero and heroine,

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before the final explosion of the world, "weep for humanity . . . strangled in the garments that he had woven." From this picture of horror we pass in relief to the more familiar atmosphere of the final story, The Eternal Moment, where we encounter the English tourist as we have so often encountered him before, scattering misunderstanding and riding roughshod over beauties to whose doom the unfortunate Miss Raby has unwittingly contributed. Without this tale the volume would be incomplete in representing almost every salient aspect of Mr. Forster's art; with it, we have a treasurable survey of one of the most remarkable talents of contemporary literature.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

A Father in Musicke

William Byrd, by Frank Howes. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THIS study of a "father of musicke," parent of that flock of madrigalists and of virginal composers who made England "a nest of singing birds" in the spacious Elizabethan days, is doubly welcome. It combines with a careful and—allowing for the factor of individual preference—a just detail appraisement of Byrd's compositions, sacred and secular, a very readable biography of the man himself, one which should go far to make him more to the general reader than a mere name in the list of Tudor church music composers.

The author's original plan of including his Byrd in "a series of great men of all kinds," has undoubtedly helped to give his composite biography a more universal interest. In view of the admirable analyses of Byrd's major works—they are considered in their order of importance: Latin Church Music, English Church Music, Instrumental Music, and Madrigals—the musical reader should not take exception to technical explanations with which he may be familiar. And the lay reader can forgive occasional other technicalities in view of the lucid way in which the premises of that golden age of English music of which Byrd was the chief exponent are established. The reason why musical ears today turn gratefully back to the music Byrd developed on the old mediaeval scales is explained; and that modern affection for its strong, austere lines, its natural accent, its serene mediaeval intimacy which is one sign "of a taste that can bear nothing written between 1790 and 1900" is made clear.

We say "mediaeval" with intention. It is hard to negative Hilaire Belloc's contention that England lingered on in the middle-ages after they had passed in continental Europe, until "the religion which had formed her society, along with that of all Christendom, was artificially interrupted." And the superb vitality of the mediaeval spirit, "a product of its religion," lingered on in the individual after it had been violently driven from church and state. Men like Byrd, who moved creatively under the spiritual influence of the Church which had been proscribed in the land in which they lived, unquestionably drew the finest element of their inspiration from that sustaining vitality.

Thus Byrd's English Church music (even the Great Service in D minor) in essence represents a rendering unto Caesar (in the shape of Queen Elizabeth) what Caesar insisted upon having, and what Byrd could supply with a relatively clear conscience. But his Latin Church music is not alone quantitatively, by also qualitatively and spiritually greater. His Cantiones Sacrae, his Gradualia, his beautiful and intimately devout Masses and motets, and other liturgic pieces for those clandestine religious celebrations in private chapels to which

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English Catholics were reduced in those days, reveal Byrd at his very noblest, musically, and justify—in part, at least—the author's Palestrinian comparison. That Byrd was the first great composer to write for keyboard instruments the author proves without much difficulty in an enjoyable chapter. And the "Madrigals," whose prima vista singing in the Elizabethan home took the place of bridge whist in those of today, are given their due consideration as part of his collective achievement.

In his biography the author's idea that "Byrd had a religious mind of a temper like that of the Quakers," on the premise that the mysticism of the Catholic Church and that of Quakerism are closely akin, is not altogether convincing, though plausible. Byrd suffered considerably to the end of his life both in money and peace of mind for the Faith which, even in his day, was becoming the allegiance of a minority. His Latin Church music, the intimate expression of a devotion unshaken by a lifetime of petty persecution as a recusant, could hardly have been written by one who Mr. Howes would have us believe "was a Quaker fifty years before George Fox was born." But this incidental opinion does not detract from the value of a notably fair, valid and interestingly written study of the man now generally acknowledged to have been the greatest English composer of his age.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

The Occidental Muse

The Oxford Book of American Verse, chosen and edited by Bliss Carman. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75.

THE international character of the publishers of Bliss Carman's collection, The Oxford Book of American Verse, and the steady sales usually pursued by their press, give rise to some regrets over the peculiar angle from which this anthology has been made.

There are few American poets who have not been made aware of the superior aloofness of English critics when it comes to a product in poetry from across the seas and at times an absence of that fraternalism of arts which is extended even to their own little brothers of the English colonies. Now that he has gone and done it, Mr. Carman shows the American reader the true side of his British-American sympathies and the real pioneer qualities of his own muse clothed in the linens from Belfast and the homespuns of British America.

Our critics are slow to awaken to the fact that the clamorings of their individual cliques can hardly be heard above the commercial din of New York and Chicago; that already the poetry of our broad lands is too eccentric and variegated to be put over completely on any coöperative stage even from the Golden Gate, the Windy City, the Back Bay, Greenwich Village or the lilting meadowlands of the far South. Mr. Carman applied himself to an impossible task if he hoped to please the representatives and champions of all these sectaries of poetry. It is hardly courteous to remind Mr. Carman of his age; he has, in fact, reached a judicial epoch and the faults of his collection, deplorable for extraneous reasons, are to be sought elsewhere than in his lack of respect for the ideals of American poetry, old and new.

The inclusion of popular pieces, while it may please some readers, gravely affronts the American who desires an assertion of the standards of our best poets. Mr. Carman in his desire to be encyclopaedic has carried the Favorite Book of Farm House Poetry too closely to our steam-heated apartments, where rag rugs and the garish bric-à-brac may be en retour but where the poetry of the log-cabin years is still unwelcome as an American revival. Altogether these older entries in The Oxford Book suggest a careful reading of the bygone anthologies and nothing more.

When Mr. Carman faced the modern poetry of America, he plunged into a Red Sea and, as in the case of the forces of the Egyptians, the waters closed over him. It was a sea of clamorous schools, cliques of reviewers, time-serving anthologists and living bards, scornful of anthologies yet scheming and gluttonous in their desire to be represented. Too many of them have been omitted for Mr. Carman to hope for good newspaper notices.

Besides all this, his taste seems chronically rusty and his selection from the highly creditable poetical output of the last thirty years seems to indicate that he is running only on one cylinder; hence the amazing absences of the much-heralded bards and the seraphic ladies of verse from his pages. They will never forgive him; and in the complacent face of English critics who continue to pass off second-class modernists on America under the guise of great litterateurs, the American outsider must, perforce, feel grieved.

And yet one must feel pleased at certain overlooked poets whom he has resurrected from the oblivion thrust upon them by our junker critics. It is grateful to find Madison Cawein, Arthur Colton, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Sara King Wiley, Edgar Fawcett and Frederick Peterson among these disciples of Lazarus: but the terrible tragedy of Mr. Carman's omission of the great ones of today's studios, newspapers and college campuses must be cloaked in a silence that is beyond words. What! Not a single word about Dash, or Dash, or Dash? It is really all too dreadful!

THOMAS WALSH.

Repellent and Absorbing

Old Swords, by Val Gielgud. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

THE first thing which I am going to say in regard to this book, which was described to me as a remarkable production, is that I do not like it at all. The next will be that I just as certainly think it is a talented production. One is left rather puzzled about it, and about the personality of its author. His name, Gielgud, is a Lithuanian name, but there are indications that he does not know very much about Lithuania. Furthermore, in his description of the Polish-Bolshevik war, he thinks a great deal more about Ukrania than about Lithuania.

On the other hand there are points which seem to establish the fact he is an Englishman, and others which evoke the suspicion that what he writes is more from hearsay than from personal experience, and one or two chapters, such for instance as the tale told by the heroine of the circumstances that had brought about her marriage to the villain of the book, which remind one of certain descriptions in modern Russian books of the Krasnoff school.

There is brutality in this small volume, too much brutality in fact, and the attempts which are made here and there to transform into heroes the personages of the story, fail piteously, because even the English Ladislas appears, when all is done and said, a sorry personage.

Another thing which leaves the reader slightly in doubt as to how he is to judge the book, is that it lacks finish, and that there is a curious shadow of unreality hovering over it. Even the war scenes are not natural, in spite of their realism. The

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heroine is not sympathetic in the very least, and we are not even sure she is really in love with the man with whom she finally elopes. Michael Konski is simply odious, Ladislas appears at times a weak fool who does not know his own mind, and the old grandmother is far too hazy a personage to arouse the interest the author evidently wants one to have in her and her doings.

There is absolutely no literary art in the entire work, and yet it fascinates one, just as at times an ugly woman succeeds in fascinating a man. It grows on one so much that I defy anyone beginning to read it, not to go on doing so to the end. But it is an unhealthy book, it leaves a bad impression on one's mind, and a bad taste in one's mouth, and it makes one regret the amount of unformed genius wasted in writing it. One feels the author could have done so much better, and yet one would be sorry if he had not given the world this half-finished work, which although exasperating is yet filled with very real talent, and is undoubtedly above most modern novels of this particular type. But then the question arises, why was such a subject chosen, when other ones, also connected with the great war, could have been used with the same skill, and without harrowing the reader's mind and feelings to the extent this foreign conception of what a book ought to be, does all the time? It is altogether, as I have said already, a puzzling work, but a work one would feel sorry to have missed.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

St. Louis in the Sixties

That Bright Heat, by George O'Neil. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THE young who, hot for certainties, get but a dusty answer for their soul, are legion in fact and fiction. The question under discussion here might be whether Clarion Lawless, the high-strung, neurotic hero of George O'Neil's novel, That Bright Heat, deserves any other sort of answer. A host of minor people in this tale of an earlier St. Louis have form and voice. But the life and death of Clarion Lawless, on whose characterization Mr. O'Neil has concentrated his conscious energies, remain entirely unconvincing. Clarion Lawless is only a step-child of the moon.

The poet in Mr. O'Neil is discernible in passages of sensitive feeling for the peculiar charm of that low-lying mid-western country where "beauty has to be slowly learnt . . . waited upon." What stands out in high visibility, however, is his background of unique distinction. The story itself is everywhere negligible. It is loosely hung on certain pivotal events; the visit of that Prince of Wales who came in the sixties; the dedication of the great Eads bridge; and one, at least, of the annual cyclones. This is a St. Louis still living in the shadow of the division caused by the Civil War; still talking of Charles Dickens's visit and when Barnum brought Jenny Lind to sing there. It is admirably placed in that conventional, derided, tight-lipped era of what-nots, of marble-topped tables, curtains of starched lace and chandeliers hung with prisms.

As an outpost of empire on the "melancholy river," St. Louis has a richness of heritage with its French, its Spanish ancestry and with the abiding power and influence of the Church. We find in this novel a haunting sense of the great tradition back of the living city. Whether by accident or intention Mr. O'Neil has thus unquestionably added his own chapter to Quiet Cities.

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Vernacular Verse

Queens and Crickets, by Mildred Whitney Stillman. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.25.

A POET'S growth in stature, let it be remembered, is just as important as his regularity of performance. A novelist can mark time so long as he turns out the verbiage; but in poetry it is not enough merely to deliver your biennial volume. The discerning reader of poetry—and there is no other—is going to remember your last volume!

In Queens and Crickets, however, Mildred Whitney Stillman gives us gratifying evidence of productivity and progress. Since her first volume in 1922 this poet has made a gradual and uninterrupted ascent from the commoner fields of verse to the rarer terraces of poetry. Her latest volume is a matured, closely-written document, bearing testimony of stern self-discipline and still increasing power.

Mildred Stillman employs one of two methods to secure her poetic effects. Either she touches the homely events of daily and domestic life with a quiet drop of pity, or she brings the great emotional crises of life into so casual a compass that they burst the circumstantial ring of poetry enclosing them. The title here is no merely fanciful conjunction of terms, but an index to her philosophy. "I will speak of great and trivial matters," she says in effect, "and bring them both to the same focus of feeling." And in the easy, unaffected language of ordinary men she does as she promised she would do; gauging the emotion accurately and delivering it with the expert precision so dear to modern poetry. If Mildred Stillman's work does not yet carry a freight of thought too deep for utterance, it speaks simply and intensely of a few constant things that will not, cannot, change.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Glimpses of the Moon

Etched in Moonlight, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH dreams form the basis of only two of the seven stories of James Stephens's Etched in Moonlight, the other five are invested with a dream's strange mixture of reality and unreality and the reader wakes from each of the stories with the startled feeling of one who has seen life blurred but true. The title story is singularly rich in glamorous distortion, mysticism going hand in hand with stark simplicity and the grotesqueness of psychical tragedy. In it, Mr. Stephens reveals himself as a passionate seeker for the essential emotions of situations. With these he plays much as a clavillux operator plays with color, now flashing the red of hate, the green of jealousy, the gold of fulfilment, the blue of joy, shot with the blackness of horror and grief.

One is made to feel, at the author's wish, in all of his stories, and it is doubtful if in all English there is such a gelidity in text as that which emanates from Desire, or such physical hunger as is experienced in reading Hunger.

The style of Etched in Moonlight is the essence of simplicity, with no sacrifice of beauty, and a directness that gives the character or picture authentic definition in the compass of a few sentences. This simplicity is further carried out in the story ideas, which are totally lacking in the formation and culmination of plots. Not a book for those wedded to O. Henry, Etched in Moonlight will take a place on the shelves of those interested in the modern development of the short story.

JOHN G. BRUNINI.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"The Librarian of the Berkshire Athenaeum of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has made a declaration which ought to interest you, my dear Britannicus. Speaking of the impossibility he finds in judging whether a book is good or bad after reading the reviewers' accounts of it, he adds what you, a long-tried critic of books, should find striking: 'the reviewers in leading newspapers, magazines and other sources of book information are subsidized by book publishers'—a serious charge, I should say, Britannicus, when one considers the apparent poverty of most critics and reviewers for our press. Do you think their general impecuniousness can only be assumed, and that we are to classify them with the stealthy politicians who plunder so violently from the public funds, especially just before election times, or the acrobatic bootleggers who place their nuggets secretly under their poor old mother's pillow?"

"Angelicus, I have been reviewing for years and the publishers have given me only the copies of the book I have advertised. Of course, I have been able to sell many of these books down the street at old Davidson's; he gives me $.25 and sometimes even a dollar when the book retails for five or six, and is in good enough condition to be placed in his Greenwich Village display window. To this peculium you may add some six, seven or eight dollars that are paid for a full column in the average critical periodical, with an increased rate given to the exceptional reviewer, who is very exceptional indeed."

"And yet it seems to me," interrupted the Doctor, "that these unceasing requests from reviewers for permission to review this book or that indicate more than a devouring love of literature or the self-sacrificing services of love and friendship. Books that have not yet reached the market, or even the editorial desk are flapped out on the line like an early Monday's wash, and their merits, peculiarities and climaxes are studiously arranged for exhibition in advance of the booksellers' orders. Who does this? Many fairly well-known reviewers, the brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts of prominent publishers and editors. What is the kudos? The smile of publisher, the glee of the advertising editor, the glory of the middleman?

"And remember this, Britannicus, that many of these publishing houses possess magazines of their own; their private publicity services are often very elaborate; the favorable reviewer is quoted in many quarters; his name is winnowed through advertising columns; his opinions placed in position for reverence and authority. When a book is submitted to a publisher it is usually referred to a reader or two, who give their opinions in regard to its merits and availability—which generally means salability. Who is to receive the ten or twenty-five dollar fee for this function, if not the reviewer whose point of view has generally been favorable to the publications of the house? And has not practically every reviewer some pet manuscript of his own, for which he would placate the publicity moguls and the great God Buddhs of the book trade? A word that will interfere with the propagation of the fall list of Sniggerson Brothers, books, a hint to the librarian or book-buyer that a volume contains bituminous stupidities or infantile paranoias, will seriously delay the appearance of that pet sonnet sequence, that historical novel, that collection of superannuated essays.

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radio set to his daughter-in-law-elect? There is Classington Smith's new novel, Beelzebub's Pups, that I praised so highly in the last book number; it is running over the 25,000 mark! Don't you think he will be a most ungrateful brother if he will not boost my life-long work—although I only started to write it last New Year's day—on The Spanish Accent in Icelandic Folk Song? Do you think that the old poet, Obiander Flint, professor emeritus of Scraggville College, will think he is bribing me to accept his heroic verses when he procures for me the degree of Doctor of Laws and Divinity from the age-worn institution of which he has been so long the incandescent light? No, the potential author must take and give the baksheesh when the basket comes around. Alms for Belisarius!"

Britannicus made a sign to share with the Doctor the large glass of buttermilk which, since spring weather has come, he has been taking instead of his English breakfast tea; but Angelicus waved him away, saying: "I was talking symbolically, Britannicus."

"Not metaphorically, I hope, dear Doctor," answered his Library confrère. "The other evening when I was calling on my dear Mrs. O'Sullivan, and started to read about the great gathering assembled by Daniel O'Connell during his campaign for Catholic emancipation, the old lady listened with a grim satisfaction. But when I came to a passage which described the long procession wending up the hillside of Tara like a snake, the old lady snapped out with—

"'It's a lie that's in it! Now, Britannicus avic, you know as well as I know that never since the days of Patrick and Bridget was there ever the sight of a snake in Ireland. It's a lie that is in it!'

"'But, Mrs. O'Sullivan,' I expostulated, 'the author does not say there was a snake in Ireland; it was only a metaphor.' She shook her old cap vigorously: 'Metaphor or no metaphor, boy, there's no snakes in Ireland.'"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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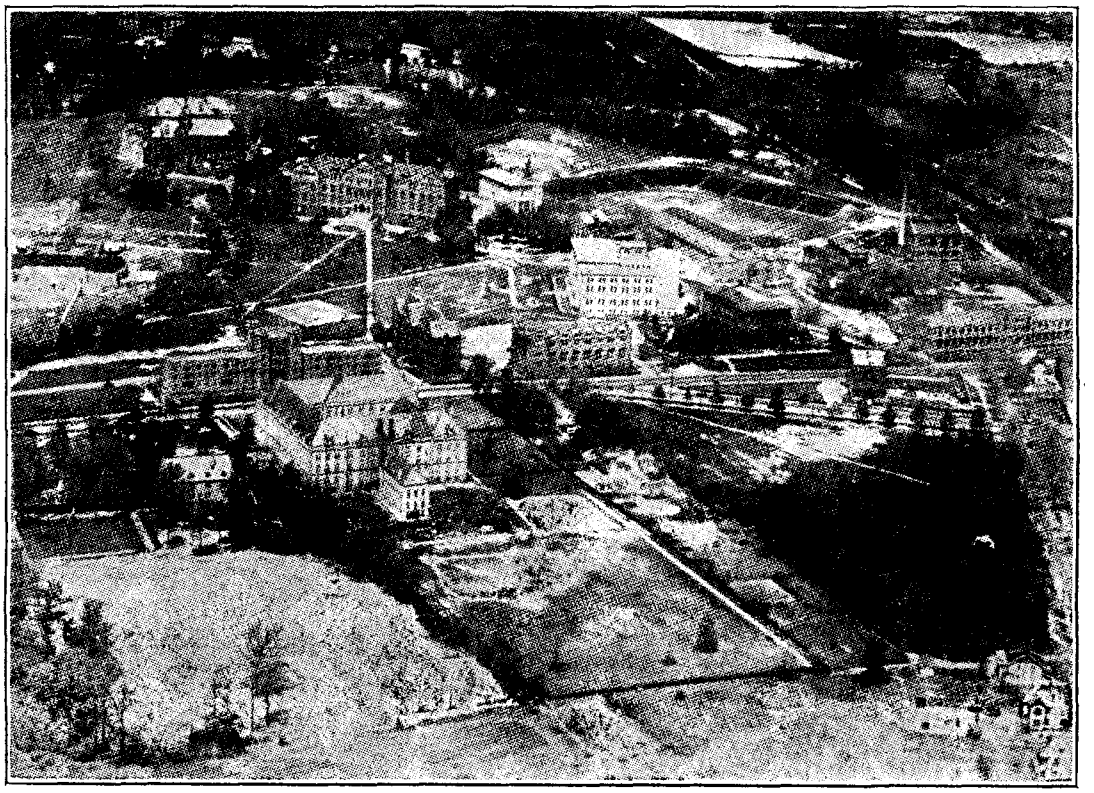

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